

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XXII.

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## “QUARE FREMUERUNT GENTES?”

THE world has just witnessed one of those actions of the supreme authority of the Church which fills it with surprise, confusion, and irritation in no ordinary degree. The Pope has declared excommunicate every person in Piedmont who has taken a part in enacting or supporting the new law which seizes ecclesiastical property in that kingdom. This is sufficiently startling intelligence for the world in general, and especially for that part of it which rules in England, and believes in nothing but “the omnipotence of Parliament.” An occasion could hardly have occurred more likely to awaken the whole intensity of anti-Catholic indignation in the breasts of Englishmen. The whole proceeding is one which rouses in them a mixture of anger, contempt, bewilderment, and terror. The spectacle of a man, who, according to their estimate of greatness, is a trumpery sovereign of the third class; behind the age in all things; a priest, too; a man that is simpleton enough to believe in Transubstantiation, and worship relics;—that such a man should dare, in the present day, to declare null and void the law of “*our ally*” the King of Sardinia, and actually excommunicate all abettors of this law—is something so unparalleled in the annals of audacity, that the English mind is almost out of breath at the news, and wonders how long the world will tolerate such a plague upon the earth. To us, on the contrary, there is something in the whole affair, in its circumstances, and in the peculiar character of the irritation it produces in the anti-Catholic mind, which is most instructive, consolatory, and edifying, and calls us again to thank God that we are members of that Church, which as she alone received His commission to *bind on earth*, so alone retains the courage to execute those judgments which make the world tremble, even while it blasphemes. We do not, therefore, apologise to our readers for calling attention to a few of

those points which this last act of the Papal authority suggests for our reflection.

The point which perhaps strikes the Catholic observer with the most force, is the inconsistency of that Protestant feeling which exclaims so passionately against such acts on the part of the Pope. Here we have a national Protestantism incessantly declaiming about the spiritual nature of the Christian religion, denouncing Popery as a compound of worldliness, selfishness, cowardice, and craft; and upholding, by way of contrast, the nobility and greatness of the British soul, as nurtured under the influence of the Briton's creed. The English press and English society teem with accusations against the supple, time-serving, and unmanly spirit of Catholic ecclesiastics, and pre-eminently of the Court of Rome. Their one perpetual cry is, that Popes and Cardinals are cowards; that you have but to strike them hard, and they will hold their tongues; but once yield to their blandishments, and they are your despotic tormentors.

But let the Pope show that he fears no mortal power; let him prove that his delays in action result from forbearance, and not from spiritual cowardice; let him act as being what he professes to be, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the protector of the helpless—that instant the cry is changed. If the Pope is not content to be the servant of the world; if he will not show himself as truly the abject slave of the temporal power, as if he was Archbishop of Canterbury or Bishop of London, then let him be crushed and trodden under foot by the stamp of the British lion.

Hear, moreover, the outcries of our enemies about this excommunication itself. Why, what *is* excommunication, if their notions of Popery be true? Just nothing at all; the unmeaning utterance of a string of gibberish, doing no more hurt to a man than the barking of a dog, or the rattle of a coach-wheel. The very essence of Protestantism consists in its declaring that the Papal power over men's souls is a mere sham. It is the glory of Protestants that they see through the imposture, and smile at the impotent thunders of one who has no more to do with the salvation of their souls than they have with the movements of a comet. Why, then, all this extravagance of wrath against the empty words of a foolish priest living in the heart of Italy? Why storm and rage against theatrical thunders? Why boil over at the sight of a piece of paper which hurts nobody, and serves only to show the folly to which people will go in their assumption of supernatural powers?

Conceive, on the other hand, the tables turned, and *our*



troubling ourselves about the internal affairs of Protestantism, and the quarrels between the ministers and laity of any one of its denominations. Imagine the Pope and Cardinals in Italy in a frenzy of sympathy with some suffering Anglican, who was visited with the censures of the Ecclesiastical Courts, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Committee of Privy Council of the Queen's Majesty herself. The cases are precisely parallel. We laugh at the idea of spiritual censures inflicted by men who have no right to inflict them. When a troublesome Anglican is “excommunicated” by the authorities of his communion, we certainly wonder at the coolness with which a Parliament-made Church can arrogate to itself the rights which Jesus Christ gave to His apostles and their successors; but as to interfering in the matter, or wanting to bully the usurping authorities, because they choose to punish *those who admit their claims*, we should as soon think of going off into heroics in defence of the rights of Jupiter and Juno, or of taking it as a personal affront when a Quaker left off his broad-brim and his drab breeches. What is it to Protestants, whether or not the Pope excommunicates Catholics? Have they a vocation for seeing to the due administration of the Sacraments of the Catholic Church? If these Sardinians have turned Protestants in principle, then, on their own principles, the Pope has done them no harm; they have excommunicated themselves, without waiting for him to do it for them. If they are still Catholics at heart, then *in their consciences* they owe him allegiance; and they know that he has a right to exclude them from the Sacraments if they break the laws of the Church. To uphold Catholics in such a course of voluntary and conscious disobedience, is merely to uphold men in doing what they themselves know to be damnable sin.

We know well that our British sympathisers with Sardinian malcontents pretend to be angry because the Pope interferes with *the laws* of an independent kingdom. But this is a mere attempt at blinding people's eyes to the real nature of their anger against him. The Pope is not interfering with the laws of another country in any such sense of the word as his enemies pretend. He is simply declaring, that when property has been given to the service of God in His Church, no temporal power whatever has a right to lay hands on that property and turn it to its own uses. Of course, when the robbers happen to be the lawful government of a kingdom, they call the acts of spoliation by the sacred name of *law*. But their acts are not laws in any Christian sense of the word. If the master of a house rifles his servants' boxes, and when they complain, tells them that it is a law of his family, and that he

is master in his own household, and will not be interfered with by any body,—is he one whit less a thief because he has the impudence to call himself an honest man? By the first principles of Catholicism, all temporal possessions once given to the support of its ministers are subject to the control of the supreme church authority *alone*. If a man maintains the reverse, he is a Catholic no longer; he is denying the rights of the Church to govern herself. He is admitting the claims of the temporal to supremacy in things spiritual. The property that is given to the Church becomes of necessity a spiritual thing.

No doubt a piece of gold is a material object, to whomsoever it belongs, and so is an acre of land: but gold and acres are spiritual things, nevertheless, when they are formally set apart *from* temporal purposes, and distinctly appropriated to spiritual ends. The property belongs to God, in a peculiar sense. Those who first bestowed it for certain spiritual ends formally abdicated all claims upon it for any other use. They put it out of their own hands; and the accident, that it happens to be existing as a material object in this or that temporal kingdom, does not confer the slightest title on the rulers of that kingdom to take it, as if it was their own.

In declaring, then, that the authors and upholders of this Sardinian spoliation are excommunicate, the Pope has only acted in conformity with the fundamental principles of Catholicism, and in accordance with former precedents, which were very well known to the Sardinian government. The Sardinian government knew perfectly well, that it is a first principle of Catholicism, that property given to the Church cannot be taken by the State without the consent of the Pope. If they chose to turn professed Protestants, well and good; that would have been at least consistent. If they had begun by forsaking their religion, and declaring their conviction that Catholicism is false, and *then* proceeded to seize the Church property, as belonging by right to the temporal power, that would have been a course in which English Protestants might have consistently sympathised. But here we have the Sardinians violating the first principles of that religion which they still profess to believe, and these absurd Englishmen honouring them for going against their consciences! This is British casuistry with a vengeance. This is the proceeding of a people that denounces St. Alphonsus as immoral; the virtuous indignation of an upright, honourable, manly race, which scatters Bibles by the million, and boasts of its “scriptural” piety and its “pure” faith. What intolerable humbug!

There is another element in this English anger with the



Pontiff which is sufficiently singular. The Pope, forsooth, is not to attend to the rights of the Church in Piedmont, because his own temporal throne is tottering. The great English people, with their fleets and armies, their Crimean and Baltic glories, their railways and their funds, their Palmerston and their *Times* newspaper, are perfectly shocked at the thought that a man who could not stay in his own house four-and-twenty hours but for French or Austrian protection, should dare to issue manifestoes against the "laws" of a thriving state like Piedmont—a state which has done itself the inconceivable honour of joining *our* armies against the mighty power of Russia. The British mind can hardly take in the idea. We shall next have Dr. Philpotts excommunicating Queen Victoria, or some Dissenting preacher at Pimlico proclaiming that the laws of England are not obligatory on Englishmen. When England and France determine to defend the rights of man against aggressive despotism—which is the pleasant way in which we put the fact, that we don't choose to let Russia get Turkey, but mean to have it ourselves)—when *we* do such heroic things, we have something wherewithal to back our pretensions withal. We have ships and soldiers, and guns and shells, and taxes laid on by tens of millions, all ready for instant use, in defence of the oppressed, and to show that we are somebody among men. But this Pius IX.—what is he? Why, his fleet consists of one little cockle-shell somewhere on the Tiber; his army would run away before a troop of London policemen; and as for his revenues and taxes, we have hundreds of private men who could buy them all up before breakfast any morning. And yet he is the man to declare that the laws of our valiant ally are null and void! The English mind really cannot realise the fact.

And mark the inconsistency of this feeling with the interminable charges made against the Pope, on the ground that he is not contented with being a spiritual ruler, but must needs be a temporal king besides. No sooner does the Pontiff show in some striking way that he wields spiritual weapons which are not in the least degree affected by the greatness or smallness of his temporal position, than he is taunted with his poverty, his want of fleets and armies, and his general insignificance as an earthly monarch. Whatever he does, it always is, always must be, always shall be, wrong. If he is rich, he is worldly and luxurious; if he is poor, he is contemptible. If he censures a petty state, he is a bully; if he excommunicates our valiant ally, he is guilty of unheard-of audacity. If he is against revolutionism, he is the abettor of tyrants; if he tells people that the laws of God are above the laws of



man, he is a fosterer of sedition and rebellion. Do what he will, it is never right. His motives are *always* bad. He is an offence to our pride. He is a thorn in our sides. He does not believe in us, or do us homage. Let us send a fleet to Civita Vecchia, with a few regiments, to bombard Rome, put an end to the Papacy altogether, and transfer the treasures of the Vatican to Trafalgar Square.

How singularly different are the feelings with which we who are Catholics regard this act of authority on the part of the Supreme Pontiff! No doubt here and there are to be found persons amongst us,—timid, or time-serving, or ill-informed,—who have regretted it, as an act of ill-advised severity or zeal, not likely to do any good, and serving only to irritate Protestants more than ever against Catholicism and Catholics. There always are such Catholics to be found, though happily they are far fewer in England, in proportion to our numbers, than they used to be. There always are persons whose talk is in this strain—“Peace at all price; conciliate always; any thing is better than fresh quarrels and disturbance. If men will be bad Catholics, they will; and the best way is to let them alone. Excommunication, too, is antiquated and mediæval; nobody cares about it now-a-days; it was well enough in the hands of the Gregories and Innocents; but it is not suited to the present state of society, when popes and bishops should cultivate meekness above all things: it really is a pity that the Pope should have meddled in this Sardinian affair. Besides, no doubt there *were* abuses in the Sardinian clergy. There are too many monks and priests everywhere in Italy, and there was some sort of an excuse for the Sardinian government. The king is a well-meaning man, everybody says; and it does seem a pity, now that things are a little quiet again, and the Church is getting on so well every where, to stir up fresh indignation, just for the sake of anathematising a set of men who, after all, will snap their fingers in the faces of the Pope and all the Cardinals.”

Now as to the expediency of employing the terrors of excommunication in any one particular case, whether this of Piedmont or any other, undoubtedly every man has a right to his opinion. But it certainly appears to us a very rash thing in any private Catholic, who can have but very slight information as to the whole bearings of the question, to assume that such a step has been taken by the supreme authority in the Church without due prudence and circumspection. If any thing is notorious in the conduct of the Church towards temporal governments, it is the forbearance which she habitually exercises towards them, and her readiness to make

the best of every thing. To charge the Holy See and the College of Cardinals with a taste for headlong precipitation in entering into conflict with the world and its rulers, is about as inconsistent with the whole history of the Church as any accusation can possibly be. Setting aside, therefore, every consideration of divine guidance, which especially aids the rulers of the Church in such emergencies, it may fairly be assumed that the Holy See has been, so to say, absolutely driven to this extreme of severity; and that it is nothing less than an intense sense of his responsibility to our Blessed Lord, whose Vicar he is, that has wrung from Pius IX. this fearful sentence against these spiritual rebels. He could not have abstained from pronouncing the sentence, without violating his conscience and forgetting his first duties as the Father of the Faithful.

But further: it is most incorrect to imagine that such a sentence, thus issued, and at such a time as the present, can do no good to religion, and will only tend still further to alienate Protestants from the Church. The effect of the acts of the Church, like that of the simple preaching of the gospel, is not to be estimated by the frenzy which they arouse in certain minds, or the loudness of the hubbub that immediately arises, or even by the malice and persecutions which follow upon them. It is the very law of Christianity, that it makes its way in the midst, and often by the actual means, of those storms which it awakes in the breasts of its enemies. What a tempest was evoked by the establishment of the English hierarchy! yet religion has undeniably gained by that very tempest itself. *We* are the better for it.

So it is with this excommunication of the rebellious Piedmontese. Say what people may, and storm as may the indignant world, there is many and many a soul which is deeply impressed with the heroic grandeur and true spiritual sublimity of the sentence, and is compelled to acknowledge that here is indeed a power among men which is more than human, and which *must* have a divine life within it, such as is unknown to every Protestant sect on earth. Many and many a reflecting mind, when it learns that the Pope, in the midst of his temporal feebleness, thus dares to smite the ungodly in the hour of his triumph, is conscious that there is something more in these claims of Rome than the careless or bigoted world has been apt to believe. What thinking man does not feel, whatever he may say, that here is something totally different in kind from anything to be found at Lambeth, or at Geneva, or at St. Petersburg? and that we Catholics must have some mysterious, indescribable element of



strength within us, which no theories about priestcraft can explain, but which indicates the presence of the living God, and demands the allegiance of every true believer in the truth of Christianity.

As to that contrast between the temporal feebleness of the Popedom and the immensity of its spiritual claims, which looks so absurd in Protestant eyes, it is that very thing which awakes our admiration and renews our conviction of the perpetuity of the presence of Jesus Christ with His Church. The glory of her spiritual armory is all the more dazzling because of the decay which has come upon that secular sovereignty which the circumstances of the past have thrust upon her. Certainly it is a grand and magnificent sight to contemplate the temporal homage which was paid to the successor of Peter when Europe was Catholic in a different, but possibly not a better, fashion than now-a-days. It was a splendid sight when the gold of the West and the gems of the East were poured in dazzling profusion at the feet of those who ruled in the seats of the Apostles. But it is a far brighter and more consoling thing to witness the descent of the sword of the Spirit, when the world stands by, either looking sullenly on, or denouncing the audacity which could prompt so strange a deed. While the Pope is maintained on his throne by French troops, it is glorious to see him excommunicate the ally of France itself. It shows the world that the Papacy is not what it supposes—a crafty, subtle, unscrupulous engine for the subjugation of men's souls, by the flattery of the strong and the bullying of the weak; but a supernatural system, founded on principles unknown to the world, and animated by a spirit whose strength is beyond all estimate of human greatness.

True it is that this practice of excommunication had its rise in ages when the maxims of modern religionism were unknown. But this is because it began eighteen hundred years ago, when the Son of God was on earth, and gave to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven. England may scorn the Pope now; it may laugh at him; it may abuse him; it may threaten him; it may bully him; but there stands the charge to Peter in the very Bibles that England is so proud of printing and distributing. What would not Protestantism give, if could but cut out that unlucky text from the Gospel? There it is, however; and there it will be till the end of the world; and till the end of the world the Catholic Bishops, and the Pope their chief, will continue to bind and loose, and Jesus Christ will bind and loose in heaven whomsoever they bind and loose upon earth. They have done it incessantly.



The Londoner can witness at his own doors a memorial of this tremendous power, as it was exercised over kings in days which even Protestants profess to venerate. Let him walk into the National Gallery, and recal the scene represented in one of Vandyke's masterpieces—the excommunication of the greatest monarch of the earth by St. Ambrose. What has Pius done now which Ambrose did not do then?

And the same has been done by the Popes in these last days of their temporal feebleness, as repeatedly as in the ages of their most exalted power. That very man who stirred up this terrible war, the Czar Nicholas himself, trembled—yes, literally, physically, trembled—in the presence of the aged and almost dying Gregory XVI. in his palace at Rome. Nicholas was a great man in England in those days; as the French Emperor, whom England now worships, was a very small man; but when Nicholas went to Rome, and tried to bully the Pope with his august presence and his tremendous threats, he found for the first time that he stood before his master, and he left the Vatican a discomfited tyrant.

Remember Napoleon the “Great,” as people call him. He too was excommunicated by the Pope, and *immediately afterwards* came the defeat at Moscow. Espartero, also, was excommunicated, and *in a few weeks* fell headlong from the pinnacle of his power, and was an exile from his country. Sardinia is now the favoured pet of English Protestantism—a great, heroic, and enlightened nation. Let us wait awhile and see the end.

As to making void “the laws” of an independent country, of course the Pope does it, whenever those laws are against the laws of God. He does it in the case of England to this very hour. There is one law of England which he utterly reprobates, denounces, and forbids all Catholics to obey. It is that “law” which sanctions the marriage of a divorced person during the lifetime of the remaining party to the original marriage.

When persons find fault with the Pope for thus interfering between temporal rulers and their subjects, they are bound in all consistency to transfer their indignation from his Holiness to a higher Power. If the Pope, in directing the spiritual affairs of Christians, finds himself suddenly coming athwart the regulations of human societies, that is no fault of his, and betrays no inclination on his part to push his authority beyond its limits. It is a consequence of that system on which it has pleased God to create the human race; a system in which the things of time and those of eternity are so intimately mingled, that in practice it is at times absolutely im-

possible to separate the one from the other. The hypothesis upon which anti-Catholics or bad Catholics reason, when they attack the Holy See for opposing secular laws, is purely fallacious. They argue, that because secular government, as such, is of divine institution, and man is bound to obey just laws, *therefore* secular government never enjoins what is sinful, and men are bound to obey *every* law. The fallacy is transparent the moment it is stated; but the opponents of the Papacy nevertheless take care to assume this identical monstrous proposition. And then they manufacture a sort of fictitious zeal against the Pope on sham conscientious grounds, as though he were trenching upon the indefeasible rights of lawful governments. This is just the way with the pretended reasonings of Protestantism in all its manifestations. The real bearings of the questions at issue are studiously kept out of sight. Dust is raised in clouds; a loud shouting is got up about rights, and conscience, and laws, and tyranny, and all the rest of it; and so the eyes of the observer are blinded and his ears are stunned, and he accepts as undoubted truths certain propositions which are the rankest impositions upon his reason and common sense.

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### ANTHONY, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,

A PROTESTANT CHAMPION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MANY years ago there was an enormously wicked club, whose members had resolved to evoke the Prince of Darkness; and the question amongst them then arose as to what shape his Satanic majesty should be requested to assume. Some proposed a dog, an ass, or an ape; others voted for some human monster of iniquity—a Nero, a Borgia, or, if we are rightly informed, the Regent Duke of Orleans. Could the query by any possibility have been proposed to ourselves, we should have perhaps suggested Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, grandfather of the author of the *Characteristics*, and ancestor of the present coryphæus of Exeter Hall in London. Such a combination of astuteness, cleverness, and wickedness, the world has rarely seen; and it is not a little remarkable, that his inherent animosity to the Church of God has descended, though of course without his moral vices, like an heir-loom in his family. Charles II. once told him, that “he was the most abandoned profligate then alive within the British dominions;” to which accusation Shaftesbury bowed



a polite assent, upon condition, as he implied, that the charge should be limited to the king's subjects, and *not extend to royalty*.

About two miles from Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire, stands the magnificent seat of Wimborne St. Giles, with the adjoining park watered by the river Allen; but it was not in the present mansion that the Achitophel of Dryden was born. Its predecessor existed for generations as a residence of humbler dimensions, and was brought into the family by Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Anthony Ashley, who married the son of Sir John Cooper of Rockburn, in the county of Southampton. The fruit of this alliance was our hero, who first saw the light under the patrimonial roof-tree of his mother, at Wimborne, on the 22d of July 1621. The grandson of two baronets—magnates far less common then than now—was sure to attract some attention in those rural districts, where brains were scarce, and his future possessions were to be large. But as a boy he was precocious, and every way remarkable. At fifteen he went to Oxford, and was admitted at Exeter College, where he studied hard for a couple of years; removing subsequently to Lincoln's Inn, that he might bury himself, as he afterwards said, "in the lumber of legal lore." What he learned from it was an acuteness of cunning, in which no man of his age could match him. Had he been destined for an attorney, he would have combined the faculties of the crocodile and alligator to the perfect satisfaction of the most critical Sir Joseph Jekyll. As it was, however, his ambition developed on a larger scale, and he advanced from a survey of the practice to an analysis of the principles of law; proceeding, moreover, still further, until he had thoroughly mastered the entire theory particularly developed in the constitution of his country. Here, in other words, he laid the foundations of his later career. Into the pleasures of the metropolis he just so far plunged as not to enervate his intellect, although they destroyed his moral principles, or at least materially helped to do so. There was a national crisis at hand, which would be sure to interest a mind like his, even more than sensualism. He got elected for Tewkesbury to that brief Parliament which met at Westminster on the 13th of April 1640, only to be dissolved almost immediately by the infatuated Stuart. Thunder-clouds gathered rapidly over the political horizon. Hampden, Pym, Eliot, and Oliver Cromwell, were already the idols of the hour.

It was an age of suppressed internal agitation and profound hypocrisy. Hollowness seems to have been the order of the day. Patriotism, morals, and religion, moved in one universal masquerade. The court carried on government with



no inconsiderable degree of apparent dignity ; but with utter unconsciousness that the ground would before long actually yawn beneath its feet, and swallow up the crown of the sovereign, the coronets of the aristocracy, and the gilded croziers of a pretended Protestant episcopacy, in the common earthquake. Puritanism, too, sat dreaming over pious projects of its own,—liberty of a particular kind, Presbyterianism in all the platitude of its dullness, sermons of interminable length, prayers uncircumscribed by forms, ministers with sour faces and no surplices, sabbaths wrapt in sackcloth, a suppression of fairs, wakes, mummers, dancings, dice, cross-buns, hot cakes, and spiced ale ; and above and beyond all, the deletion or destruction of every conceivable vestige of Popery. Neither party seemed to have any notion that they were musing or mocking over a mine of moral gunpowder,—the righteous results of an unhallowed spiritual revolt, covering its deeds of darkness beneath the name and pretences of a Reformation. The nation, therefore, having gone wrong for a hundred and twenty years, reeled forward in its judicial blindness ; many a sincere conscience feeling inwardly that matters could never be right, yet few or none able to see or know how the awful spell of illusion might be really dissolved. Thus affairs effervesced into the very essence of imposture. The social and political atmosphere swarmed with knaves and pretenders. Maladies enough there evidently were, and on such a colossal scale, that every quack with his notions, texts, or nostrums, could obtain a hearing generally far beyond his deserts. The horrors of what Clarendon so pompously describes as the Great Rebellion, were the natural consequences flowing from the events that had gone before, and could no more have been avoided than any other effect proceeding from its original causes. Mankind had sown the wind, and had for their just punishment to reap the whirlwind.

The wealthy heir of Wimborne St. Giles had closed neither his eyes nor ears to the phenomena amongst which he was thrown. Full of that self-conceit, which too many of his contemporaries called philosophy, he resolved to carve out a course which, come whatever might, should be at least favourable to his private fortunes. Hobbes had already written, although he had not published, his book *De Cive*, which afterwards grew up into the *Leviathan* ; but the future Earl of Shaftesbury was one with him in several of his grand axioms, particularly as to its being lawful under any circumstances to make use of evil for our own advantage. “ If I were cast,” says the sophist of Malmsbury, “ into a deep pit, and the devil would lend me his cloven foot, I would gladly lay hold of it

to be drawn out." It should never be forgotten that the essence of Protestantism is infidelity, where its genuine principles are carried out into their logical consequences. Both these reasoners held revelation as not being obligatory upon the conscience; that civil laws are the only rules of good and evil; that antecedently to them every action is in its own nature indifferent. The separation of their systems merely began from certain tendencies in Hobbes towards an apparent admiration for absolutism as a form of social government; whereas, even at the commencement of his career, Shaftesbury might be termed a constitutionalist, like the Girondists in France, or their successors the late Doctrinaires. He had profited too well in his midnight lucubrations at Lincoln's Inn not to sympathise with the well-grounded popular grievances of the Star-Chamber and High Commission Courts, martial law instituted by royal proclamations, privy-council warrants, forced loans, purveyance, wardships, embargoes, prohibitions, arbitrary imprisonments, ship-money, and the dispensing powers of the crown. But at the same time, he recoiled from the canting patriotism of the conventicles, and their awful preachers, until selfishness had rendered him case-hardened to it. When Charles I. therefore hoisted his standard, young Cooper avowed his allegiance, and even joined the court at Oxford, where he projected a scheme not for subduing or conquering his country, but for reducing such as had either forsaken or mistaken their duty towards the executive. It may well be imagined how little all such wire-drawings would be relished amongst the needy, boisterous cavaliers, who clung to the pure divine right of kings, as an article of their creeds almost as dear to them as their hounds, their harlots, or their horses. Even decent hypocrites, like Hyde and Colepepper, not to mention the solemn honest Lord Falkland himself, displayed rather a cold shoulder towards the youthful wit, who knew far more than they or their master did of the real limits of prerogative, and where its cruel assumptions chafed the pride and privileges, or annihilated the loyalty of a justly irritated people. Wounded at once with the polished arrogance of such lofty courtiers, and probably foreseeing how certainly their folly would be followed by its own punishment, his mind fell back upon the parliament; and notwithstanding the receipt of a royal autograph from Charles to invite his further attendance at Oxford, he removed to the metropolis, where a cordial welcome awaited him. Clarendon tells us, that he now "gave himself up body and soul" to the popular party. Accepting a commission from that power, whose manners and pretensions he loathed and



despised, we find him raising forces, and capturing Wareham by storm in the month of October 1644. Within a short interval he subdued all the adjacent parts of Dorsetshire, and was thenceforward considered an implacable antagonist towards the Stuarts and every one of their adherents.

The next year he became high sheriff for Wiltshire, amidst the most abundant professions of respect for the rights of man. But, as Lingard justly remarks, whether his services were engaged for the king or the roundheads, he remained still the same character, displaying in his conduct a singular fertility of invention, a reckless contempt for principle, and a readiness to sacrifice the welfare of others in the pursuit of his object, "whether it were the acquisition of power, or the gratification of revenge." In 1651 his name appears among the committee of twenty appointed to take into their consideration a reformation of the laws, and he was also a member of the convention that met after Cromwell had dissolved the Long Parliament. It is observable that he seemed one of the very few statesmen able to take the real intellectual measure of the great Protector. Overawed neither by military successes, nor the results of his profound dissimulation, Shaftesbury comprehended him from the first; for on being returned once more to Parliament in 1654, we find him in active opposition, foremost in the ranks of those who signed that famous proposition which charged the usurper with aiming at arbitrary power, and resolute on nearly all occasions in resisting to the uttermost his illegal measures. On the deposition of his successor Richard, when the Rump again rose on the crest of the revolutionary wave, its leaders nominated Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper as one of their council of state, as well as a commissioner for managing the army, which latter department of his duties he performed to perfection. At that very period a secret correspondence between himself and the friends of Charles II. had commenced, and every nerve of his abilities throbbed and strained in the service of an expected restoration. Although trembling at the sword of Damocles hanging over his head,—for such traitors have rarely any real friends,—he trod with unshaken firmness that narrow bridge of peril on which, had his foot but slipt for a moment, it must have precipitated him into destruction. As it was, he obtained a seat in the healing Parliament for his native county in April 1660, and wormed his tortuous way with the subtlety of a serpent towards the altitudes of political eminence and power. With eleven other members of the House of Commons he embarked for Holland to invite the royal exile back again to the throne of his fathers. Upon the journey, a hired carriage, in which Sir Anthony



happened to be seated, broke down; the horses ran away, after having overturned the vehicle; and when the parties thrown out came to be set on their legs again, it was discovered that the representative of Dorsetshire had received a dangerous wound between the ribs, which ulcerated many years after. But meanwhile the conferences at Breda issued in the Restoration, nor was it long before the injured envoy had his name on the list of his majesty's most honourable privy council.

Few among the renegades and traitors of the time more willingly unfurled their sails to the breezes of royal favour. His swallow was as large as his stomach seemed strong. Piles of patriotic plunder lay every where around; so that the vultures had little else to do than to gather and devour. Some persons imagined he would hesitate at being nominated for the trial of the regicides, many of them his former comrades and associates. But the moral digestion of that age surpassed the physical powers of the ostrich, and could dine very comfortably upon iron nails. Cooper therefore, without wincing, assisted at the condemnation of Harrison, Clements, Scroop, Colonel Hacker, Peters the preacher, and Sir Harry Vane, with several others; all and each of the victims devoutly believing that they were the witnesses foretold in the Apocalypse. Their judges, little less guilty than themselves, only appeared anxious to display both the extent of the sovereign's clemency and the sincerity of interested loyalism. By letters patent, dated the 20th April 1661, the member for Dorset was created Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles; being soon also made chancellor and under-treasurer of the Exchequer, as well as finally named one of the lords-commissioners for executing the office and functions of the white staff, among the most lucrative appointments in the realm. Ten years followed of unlimited licentiousness and iniquity. He had married the niece of Lord Southampton, and gained the friendship of the Duke of Albemarle. Wealth poured into his coffers; no woman at court, or in the country, whom he addressed, could long withstand his wiles; in parliament his eloquence, talents, and matchless intrigues, drew around him numerous adherents: the king hated, feared, and laughed at him; patriots, or such as called themselves by that venerated title, fell headlong into the meshes of his cajolery; he foresaw with the eye of an eagle, and the prescience of a prophet, whatever would promote his private advancement; nor had he the shadow of compunction in grasping at power through the ruin of the public welfare. Clarendon, having disgusted his master, cheated the Presbyterians, and disappointed the

nation, discovered in his banishment the true characteristics of the cockatrice he had left behind him. The monarch, surrounded by his mistresses, had been long listening to the artifices of Buckingham, supported and prompted by Ashley. As a courtier, the latter turned to good account the taste for buffoonery inherent in his ducal compeer. They both assured his majesty that Hyde was neither more nor less than his schoolmaster. They mimicked his absurd pomposity of manner, by marching up and down in the royal apartments, one carrying the bellows, just as the late chancellor used to bear his official purse, whilst Colonel Titus would shoulder the fire-shovel to represent the mace on state occasions: and thus all old associations of friendship and regard being smothered for the only adviser who preserved the smallest respect for decency, a road was at last opened for the impeachment of Clarendon and the disgraceful culmination of the Cabal.

This too celebrated title in the history of cabinets comprised the initials of five ministers, whose disastrous influence continued, more or less, from the year 1668 to 1674; and, in fact, at intervals, through some of its individual components, to a much later period. Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, constituted the atrocious conclave. The last but one, however, proved himself the genuine Asmodeus of the party. His ideas had soared far beyond the vulgar purposes of procuring for the king a new courtesan, or pecuniary supplies from France; although from such projects his name and sanction were never withheld, or veiled under any motives of delicacy or morality. His plans fundamentally involved an overthrow of Catholicity in the country, through working upon the national abhorrence of Popery, inflamed as he alone could inflame it; that so upon the wings of the tempest he might annihilate all opposition, and establish himself in irresistible political power for the term of his natural life. In addition to which, he fancied there might be enthroned, perhaps for ever, that system of Whiggery, as it came to be subsequently called,—beneath whose auspices priestcraft would wither and perish, and statecraft flourish in its stead. His measures therefore took their shape and course accordingly. For this purpose his mind reflected with brilliancy every kind of colour, monarchical, aristocratical, or republican, just as might suit the current tide of circumstances. He had got to know that about 1668-9 the Duke of York ceased to be a Protestant; that on his royal highness communicating his situation to the sovereign, the latter avowed his personal sympathy with his brother; and that most others in the higher circles, whenever they thought about the matter



at all, had their religion still to choose. It is a well-ascertained fact, that a meeting occurred between Charles and James, in which the former, with tears in his eyes, lamented the hardship of being compelled to profess a faith contrary to the convictions of his understanding; and that he declared his determination to emancipate himself from such a restraint, requesting the opinions of those present as to the most eligible means of doing so with safety and success. They advised him, it is said, to communicate with Louis XIV. on the subject; from which moment there commenced a series of chicanery and false professions, sufficient to corrupt and degrade an entire national mind; but of which Ashley worked the secret springs, at once as active as he contrived to be for the time invisible. Charles might very possibly be, as historians affirm he was, the most accomplished dissembler in his dominions; but whilst he imagined himself to be overreaching both his brother and the Grand Monarque, there stood a Satan at his side more discerning and potent than himself, pushing forward a scheme with such ability, that it must have succeeded, were it not that truth is a talisman identical with the designs of Omnipotence.

The expiration of an act of parliament in 1670 against conventicles had raised the hopes of Dissenters that the prelates of the Establishment would at length remember them in mercy; but the most bitter disappointment awaited them, even from the very measures of Ashley and his adherents. A bill for the suppression of certain places of worship, in which Nonconformists celebrated their services, came up to the House of Lords from the Commons, and met with the strongest opposition from the Duke of York, supported by the Catholics and the Presbyterians. Ashley took care not to lay any overt claim to what was at least the fair progeny of his own principles, as well as the original suggestion of his own wily policy; but, at the same time, he drew pointed attention to the growth of Popery, thus manifested by the votes and speeches of the first prince of the blood, drawing after them, as they did, the influence of Hamilton and others into the same groove. Whilst whispering, wherever it seemed safe to do so, that Protestantism was in danger, he laughed in his sleeve when the act ultimately passed, and subjected many Puritans to a portion of those severities which had been so frequently inflicted on the Catholics. Spies and informers multiplied; sons of Boanerges, whose fanaticism shook the realm, found it convenient to abscond; houses were entered by force, and searched without ceremony, to look for Howes and Baxters and Flavels, as well as pious priests and Jesuits; their inmates

were dragged to prison, and condemned to pay fines, or expire of jail-fevers, to the number of many thousands. Meanwhile Lord Ashley assured his gullible countrymen, that by no better means could the Establishment be preserved, which seemed a sort of breakwater, erected through the care of Providence to beat back from these happy shores the advancing billows of Rome. And when the public mind had become sufficiently heated, so as even to tolerate for a time the persecution of Nonconformity for this particular purpose, he threw the energies of his evil genius into another project baser than any that had yet been started.

When Charles II. resided at the Hague as an exile, "keeping the asses of his father," according to the witty epigram of Andrew Marvel, a handsome young Welshwoman, named Lucy Walters, or Barlow (for it is uncertain which was her proper cognomen) ensnared the royal wanderer, and presented him with a boy known at Paris for some years as James Crofts. Even this disgraceful parentage has been disputed, the genuine paternity of the lad being attributable, on strong grounds, to Algernon Sydney, or possibly his brother, Colonel Robert Sydney. The king, however, at all events fancied and adopted the youth, placed him for education at the Oratory, and evidently intended him to be brought up a Catholic. Through some caprice, his majesty afterwards ordered him to England, changed his religion, married him to a wealthy heiress, and created him Baron Tinedale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. It was now resolved by Ashley and Buckingham, the leaders of a grand Protestant conspiracy, to set up this pretender as a competitor for the crown against the claims of the Duke of York. The queen having no offspring, nor affording the probability of any, Lord Ashley intimated to Charles, in the presence of the Earl of Carlisle, that if he were willing to acknowledge a private contract of marriage with the mother of Monmouth, it would not be difficult to procure witnesses who would confirm it. The monarch replied that, "much as he loved the child of his former mistress, he would sooner see him hanged at Tyburn than own him for his legitimate son." Nevertheless, most unhappily for the minion himself, as well as for the nation, the royal fondness and folly increased every day. Titles, honours, and preferments were showered upon his empty head. The exterior graces of his person, if we may believe De Grammont, were such, that nature never seemed to have formed any one more accomplished. His countenance was manly and noble, yet made up of features each presenting its own peculiar beauty and delicacy. *Il fit les plus chères délices du roi*, says the



enthusiastic memorialist; nor was Dryden supposed to have gone beyond the fair limits of adulation, when, in portraying the modern Absalom, he exclaimed,

“ In him alone ’twas natural to please,  
Whate’er he did was done with so much ease;  
His motions so accompanied with grace,  
That Paradise was open’d in his face.”

He was only just of age when pounced upon by Ashley and his partisans to play an important part in their political drama. In smothering the favourite with flatteries, the affections of the doting father came only to be more effectually than ever deceived and secured. James became really alarmed at an attempt being made in 1671 to procure for his rival the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland. When the second Dutch war broke out, the same year in which Louis XIV. had purchased for large pecuniary considerations the alliance of Charles II., Monmouth marched to Charleroi at the head of 6000 British soldiers. In Flanders, at St. Germain, and at Calais, French courtiers paid him such startling tokens of respect, that his reputation expanded into almost imperial dimensions, supported, as it happened just at that period to be, by some military successes. His two children were ostentatiously baptised, as young princes, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with royal gossips and all imaginable christening formalities. He was chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in which high office he curtailed the hair and periwigs of the clergy, and commanded them to deliver their sermons without books, either committing them to memory, or preaching them extemporaneously, after the fashion of the Puritans. Public opinion conferred upon him the sobriquet of “the Protestant duke,” as an implied insult towards the real presumptive heir of the crown; who married in 1673 the youthful and saintly Maria d’Este of Modena. Charles now pretended to intimate that matters ran forward too fast, and that the Anglican Establishment must be at least treated as though it were in danger. He meanly refused the new Duchess of York a public chapel, although the use of one had been expressly stipulated for in the nuptial pre-arrangements. He forbade all Catholics, or even persons reputed to be such, ever entering his presence, or walking in the parks, or availing themselves of any indulgence from the rigour of the penal laws. With a sanctimoniousness that makes the heart sick to think of, he enjoined a general fast, on the application of parliament, that the entire nation might implore the protection of Almighty God for the preservation of the Church and State from the insidious approaches and practices of Popery. Our readers

will be good enough to remember that this very sovereign had no great while before subscribed a solemn engagement with the Grand Monarque, setting forth the following verities: "*The King of Great Britain, being convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and resolved to make a declaration of the same, and to reconcile himself with the Roman Church, so soon as the welfare of his kingdom will permit, has every reason to hope and promise himself the affection and fidelity of his subjects, that none of them, even of those upon whom God shall not have yet sufficiently shed his grace to dispose them by this august example to be converted, will ever fail in the inviolable obedience that all people owe to their sovereigns even of a contrary religion.*" Millions of livres were paid over by his ally to this royal deceiver, who, in his foul companionship with Mrs. Palmer, Elizabeth Killegrew, Catherine Pegg, Nell Gwyn, Louisa de Queronnaille, and Mary Davis, could dare to preach up a mockery of mortification to his people, persecute those loyalists to the true faith whom he was more especially bound to protect, and prefer the bastard of Lucy Walters to the conscientious son of his own father and mother. *O tempora, O mores!* and this too in moral England.

For it must never be forgotten that there were considerable intervals during which, from the influence which Lord Ashley and his creatures possessed over the royal mind, a positive alienation of interest and affection supervened between the two brothers. It required masterly astuteness and subtlety of observation and action to effect this on the part of the tempters; for there was a good-nature in the soul of Charles which every now and then returned on itself, and baffled all previous anticipations. In 1670, when he had abruptly refused to acknowledge the shadow of any marriage between himself and Lucy Walters, it was suggested that a divorce from the queen might be possible, so as to afford him an opportunity of taking a second consort. Should such a union prove fortunate, its issue would cut out the Duke of York altogether from the succession; to which idea the king for a time paid the most eager attention. He went so far as to consult both divines and lawyers. The covert criminality of Gilbert Burnet, that godly commentator, who "laid forty stripes upon the Anglican Articles save one," when applied to in this shameful business, is well known; for it cost him his favour at court, even in the estimation of its licentious sovereign, and fixed the character of his ulterior politics as well as his polemics. The future Bishop of Salisbury had decided, in an elaborate judgment, that barrenness in a wife furnishes, in particular instances, a lawful cause for polygamy or divorce. As the precedent of Luther, Melancthon,



and the Landgrave of Hesse, appeared out of the question, it was recollected that, in cases of separation, no legal marriage had ever been then heard of pending the lives of the parties. Buckingham, who had already proposed to convey Catherine away, if necessary, by a forcible abduction, now undertook to get over the technical difficulty by creating a sufficient precedent for the royal purpose. Lord Ashley assented to and promoted the scheme. Lady Roos had long lived in adultery, separated from her husband by an ecclesiastical sentence; and her children by the paramour had been declared illegitimate by act of parliament. A bill was therefore introduced into the Upper House to enable the Lord Roos to marry again, which passed, amidst immense clamour and the unusual attendance of the king in person, only by a majority of two. The effect of it was, that the permission to marry again has ever since been inserted in all bills of divorce; and had his majesty been disposed to put aside his faithful Catherine, on the ground of her infecundity, he might have availed himself, under the precedent, of a similar liberty. Yet, when it came to the point, his sense of justice assumed some temporary ascendancy: the queen remained unmolested, and her profligate persecutors could merely brood over their intrigues whilst waiting for other opportunities of mischief. Monmouth added crime to crime throughout the very period in which the active elements of Protestantism were gathering beneath his banner. His outrage upon Sir John Coventry, and the murder of a beadle with his own hand, occasioned indeed some transitory murmurs; but a pardon from the Crown sheltered him from the dock and the gallows, and a certain military cock of the hat, in which his grace indulged, quite came into fashion as a sign of evangelical orthodoxy. The Cabal, at this crisis, culminated towards its highest infamy; its members extended their itching palms to France, or any one else who could bribe them with gold or power. The best commercial interests of England were, under their guidance, just so many commodities for sale or barter: Charles, as well as themselves, had descended to be pensioners upon the bounty of Louis. When more money had to be raised, after the scandalous dissipation of the parliamentary subsidies, Ashley conceived and executed a plan for shutting up the Exchequer, which placed about 1,300,000*l.* at the mercy of ministers. A general shock was thus given to the credit of the whole country and metropolis. Many bankers failed in consequence. Numbers of annuitants, widows, and orphans were reduced to a state of the lowest distress. An attempt on the part of the cabinet to regain some of their popularity, about the commencement of the subsequent spring, by an

almost piratical interception of the Dutch fleet before hostilities had been fairly declared, failed as it deserved. They then embarked in projects of indulgences to soothe and cajole the Dissenters; although Ashley took care that "this benefit of public worship according to the dictates of tender consciences" should not be extended to Catholics, "who, if they sought to avoid molestation, must confine their devotional assemblies to private houses." It must not be forgotten, that the entire affair was to emanate from the mere dispensing prerogative of the Crown, as the head of an Established Church,—an unconstitutional procedure from first to last, by none more hotly contested and impugned than by the Nonconformists themselves.

Its opponents, nevertheless, caught at the boon thus thrown to them, and then growled over it. They complained that indirectly it tolerated Popery, and consequently idolatry. The Anglicans also frowned at any freedom being afforded to schismatics, oblivious altogether of their own inherent sectarianism:

"Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?  
Clodius accusat mœchos, Catilina Cethegum."

Meanwhile the solitary gleam of victory illuminating the iniquities and disasters of the second Dutch war altogether arose from the gallantry of the Catholic heir to the throne. The Duke of York gained his sanguinary triumph over De Ruyter in Southwold Bay, on the 28th of May 1672. Ashley ruled over the cabinet, and seemed to monopolise the royal favour; so delighted was the monarch with the fertility of his invention and the fearlessness of his courage. He created him Baron Cooper of Pawlet in the county of Somerset, Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire. Charles deemed himself bound in honour to shelter some of the bankers, whose fortunes he had locked up in the Exchequer, from the pursuit of their creditors. They applied for protection to the Court of Chancery, then presided over by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, ancestor to the present Earls of Bradford. The lord-keeper hesitated as to whether it was a case in which he could conscientiously interfere; upon which Shaftesbury, who had no conscience at all, seized upon the occasion to represent him to the king as an old dotard, unequal to his situation. The hint was taken; the Great Seal was transferred from Bridgeman to Shaftesbury; and in November the latter found himself no less a personage than Lord High Chancellor of England. Once seated in the marble chair, his natural vanity and self-sufficiency broke out beyond all tolerable bounds. His abilities were undoubtedly immense, but



they failed to preserve him from the effects of intellectual intoxication. Instead of the sober and decent robes worn by his predecessors in office, "he appeared on the bench in an ash-coloured gown silver-laced, and with full-ribboned pantaloons," setting the whole gravity of the bar at defiance. Westminster Hall laughed outright—although, perhaps, with some sediment of malice; for, in coming down to open the term, he had chosen to ride on horseback instead of being drawn in a carriage, one result of which was, that the prothonotaries, counsel, and judges had to accompany him, according to etiquette, in a similar manner. Few of those venerable sages were accustomed to equestrian exercise; and some of them lost their equilibrium amidst the gibes of an unwashed multitude, far too happy to see the ermine and powdered curls of Justice Twisden laid prostrate in the mire. Two very different accounts are given of his administration in equity. Certain barristers, with lungs of leather and brows of brass, occasionally worried him to death; and that he proved a supple instrument for political purposes can scarcely be denied. The wishes of his sovereign as to the recent financial measures were cautiously yet effectually realised. Proceedings against the bankers were stayed in the inferior courts; and the suspension of payment to the public creditors was continued by proclamation for another six months. His official speeches in Parliament appear to have been not less eloquent than successful. During the prorogation from October to February 1672-3, in order to strengthen his interest in the Lower House, he issued writs for new elections out of his own Chancery, instead of waiting until the meeting after the recess, when in regular order they would have been directed from the Hanaper Office of the Commons. A batch of his devoted adherents thus got returned, in addition to those already in the legislature; which so annoyed the cavaliers and churchmen, that they resolved to dispute the seats of the new members. Shaftesbury, moreover, had an attack of illness, through his accident twelve or thirteen years before in Holland: an ulcer formed under the ribs which had then been broken. The operation of tapping having become necessary, and his overweening vanity having given some currency to the notion that he expected to be chosen King of Poland, innumerable squibs circulated throughout town, styling him Count Tapsky, and the Earl of Shiftsbury instead of Shaftesbury; so that he felt his popularity to be somewhat on the wane. His fearful licentiousness also augmented the number of his personal enemies among the aristocratic classes. When the Houses at length met, the opposition carried their point in the

Commons, that new writs could only be issued in virtue of a warrant from the Speaker. Charles himself began to suspect that he might have to cast his Chancellor overboard, as a tub to amuse the popular whale; nor was that virtuous minister unaware that no trust was to be placed in princes. It seems to have been the solitary text of Scripture in which he ever believed—if, indeed, he believed any thing; besides which, his ulterior designs were advancing to their maturity.

The country party, as they called themselves, now directed their efforts to procure the revocation of the indulgence for Dissenters, on the ground that it was altogether contrary to the constitution. An address to that effect secured a large majority; but Charles declared that he would dissolve rather than give way. Shaftesbury applauded his spirit with many courtly expressions; yet in reality he was preparing a path for his own open secession to the popular side. The House of Lords roused itself to battle for the prerogative; but the wily Chancellor would not venture to place it, as he said, in the balance against so august a body as the House of Commons. The king finally yielded, as the keeper of his conscience had foreseen he would. Nonconformity, amidst all its harassment from Anglican opponents, became at length bitten to the fullest extent with the mania of anti-Catholic antipathies. Its rivalry towards episcopacy was surrendered with no more resistance than the exhibition of sundry grimaces not particularly agreeable to those making them, and doubtless most hideous to the beholders. Rumours of every description spread like wildfire. It was observed that several officers commanding the small British force engaged in continental service were Catholics; and that Lord Clifford, with some others, had embraced the same faith. Were governmental influences at home, and a standing army from abroad, at the conclusion of the war, it was asked, to be employed for the establishment of Popery and arbitrary power? Then appeared the Test Act, which excluded from the public service every individual who should decline the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, or refuse to receive the sacrament after the rite of the Church of England, besides subscribing an impious protest against the doctrine of transubstantiation. Charles was brought to give his assent by that logic which, being built upon money, had more charms for him any other sort of reasoning. Large subsidies dangled before his eyes, to be voted by his obsequious Commons so soon as his majesty would promise compliance with their wishes. Here again the Dissenters were deluded by their new allies through the mirage of an accompanying measure, which professed to draw a dis-



inction between articles of doctrine and those of mere discipline, so that Nonconformists objecting to the latter alone might be relieved, to a certain extent, from the Act of Uniformity; but the measure never passed. The Duke of York and Lord Clifford resigned their offices; the former soon afterwards effecting his second marriage, already alluded to. Shaftesbury, no longer caring for royal menaces, pursued his contemplated course, avowing himself an adversary of the court, and the champion of a Protestant people. Charles, having granted him a full pardon for all offences against the crown, gave the Great Seal to Sir Heneage Finch; yet with some ludicrous circumstances, illustrating that intellectual sorcery which the late keeper must have exercised over the mind of the king.

The noble patriot now walked daily on the Exchange, with his hat in his hand, for every discontented partisan or factious fanatic who might think proper to address him. In the estimation of his new associates the acquisition of such a prize atoned for every past transgression; while he feelingly deplored with them the miseries of the nation, the depression of trade, the necessity for peace with Holland, and the dangers threatening religion through the prevalence of Popery. "Doubtful as it was whether he believed or not in revelation," observes an able writer, "Protestant theologians were found to describe him from the pulpit as a martyr to liberty of conscience, and the modern saviour of Christianity: foretelling that his fame, like that of the woman mentioned in the Gospel, would live throughout future generations." How far his genuine mortifications might go, may be more easily guessed than ascertained; yet, most true it is, that his present representative could not have supplicated for a day of penitential abstinence in reference to the Maynooth question, or the Russian war, with greater visible unction than was exhibited by the first Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1674, about analogous subjects. He supported a motion made in the House of Lords, that any prince of the blood should forfeit his right to the succession if he married a Catholic; and although it was not then carried, the exclusion of James from the throne, by fair means or foul, became the prevalent topic of the times. Monmouth rose in favour with all parties. He suffered his flatterers to toast him at their banquets as Prince of Wales. He begged from his reputed father the appointment of commander-in-chief, which was granted by patent; in which document, moreover, attempts were offered for omitting allusions to his illegitimacy when described as a son of his majesty. Charles for once remained firm on the right side; though

such seemed his doting fondness for the handsome profligate, that, generally speaking, he would refuse him nothing. Shaftesbury, however, beginning to doubt, from his knowledge of the English nation, whether so base an instrument could be brought permanently to answer the purposes of Protestantism, had already secured another string to his bow in the person of William, the Dutch Stadtholder. Charles becoming partially cognisant of this fresh intrigue, kept his eye more carefully than ever upon the late chancellor; who frequently represented his life to be in danger through his zeal in resolving to rescue his country from the Catholics. To defeat, as he gave out, their indefatigable malice, he procured lodgings in the house of an Anabaptist preacher; announcing to the citizens of London that he confided his safety to their vigilance and fidelity. In consolidating the plans of opposition, there was not a single leader prepared as he was to go all lengths, and incur all hazards. Danby, considered at that time prime minister, had no possible chance of maintaining himself at the helm, except by at least bidding up to the patriots in parliament, or even doing more if necessary. He therefore brought forward another Test Act, more outrageous than its predecessors, involving the important point of non-resistance to the regal authority under any conceivable circumstances whatsoever; upon the plea that only some such abjuration could save the crown from its double range of antagonists,—the Dissenters on one hand, and the adherents to the Church of Rome on the other. Shaftesbury, according to the exigencies of the moment, then just changed his tactics, and gathered fresh laurels of popularity by accusing the premier of aiming at absolutism upon the ruins of private judgment. With the most withering sarcasm he demolished orator after orator. The two houses soon got entangled, through his artifices, in a technical dispute about appeals on writs of error; and his “Letter from a Person of Quality to a Friend in the Country,” was voted to be a “lying, scandalous, and seditious libel.” After being burnt by the common hangman, there seemed yet one course open to the ministry, which was a prorogation of Parliament. This continued for the unprecedented term of fifteen months; during which the real anti-Catholic agitators were busy in rearranging their combinations.

During the session an adventurer came upon the stage of public affairs, who proved himself the worthy precursor of those who, three years later, figured in the Popish Plot. The child of an actress at Paris, called by his mother, or from his own presumption, Hyppolite du Chastelet de Luzancy, after



being usher in a school, servant to a bishop, inmate in a monastery, and companion to an itinerant missionary, professed himself in London, under various feigned names, as a convert from Popery to the Church of England. The crime of forgery, perpetrated in Picardy at Mondidier, had compelled him to fly from justice; but his apostasy to Protestantism made amends, it would seem, for any mere breach of morals. He became what Achilli and Gavazzi have been in our own days,—the petted monster of myriads of pious Evangelicals. A tissue of marvellous lies brought him in triumph before the Privy-Council and a committee of the Commons; where, although an investigation unveiled his real character and history, followed up as it was by a swindling transaction in which he got involved at Oxford, yet such an agitation in consequence shook the composure of the upper and middle classes, that Shaftesbury conjectured how much might be done, were cleverer agents employed upon a better constructed plan. The miscreant received Protestant orders from Dr. Compton, the grand episcopal patron, as Burnet styles him, “of all converts from Catholicism;” and obtained, after an interval, the fair vicarage of Dover Court, in Essex. When the parliament again assembled, in February 1677, Buckingham, under the guidance of Shaftesbury, argued that, from the recess having lasted more than a year, it amounted in law to a dissolution; which proposition the earl so ably supported, that it led to his arbitrary committal, together with the duke who had moved the question, and Lords Salisbury and Wharton, who spoke for it. The four peers, being ordered to beg pardon, declined, and were sent to the Tower. Buckingham, Salisbury, and Wharton subsequently made their submission, and were discharged; but Shaftesbury remained a prisoner for thirteen months, concocting that wonderful conspiracy which has clothed him with so unenviable an infamy in history. Danby, meanwhile, played the game of his incarcerated opponent, by heightening the general terror with a series of anti-Popish bills for limiting the prerogative of James, should he ever inherit the crown; for plundering Catholics of their fortunes and freedom; depriving them of their children when old enough to be educated; still subjecting priests to the penalty of death, and laymen to the forfeiture of two-thirds of their property; and identifying recusancy with treason, according to the wisdom of those Protestant and sagacious legislators, never weary “of raising barriers against the toleration of a false and idolatrous worship.” Shaftesbury had also appealed in vain to the King’s Bench for enlargement by the writ of *habeas corpus*. It at

least kept him before the gaze of the world, dissatisfied as every body felt at the general mismanagement of affairs, the culmination of France, the known corruption of senators, the disjointed state of society, and the indefinable fears of all ranks and classes.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, moreover, had at last discovered an agent perfectly to his mind,—Titus Oates, the unscrupulous son of a ribbon-weaver, as full of the letter of Scripture as any of our vagrant Bible-readers, formerly an Anabaptist preacher, and lately an orthodox, yet rather loose, clergyman of the Establishment. When chaplain on board a man-of-war, his delinquencies seem to have assumed a coarser and darker character. The result was, that sinking deeper in the social scale, he felt himself ready for the first employment that might offer, when Dr. Tonge, rector of St. Michael's in Wood Street, London, befriended him as an instrument for obtaining information relative to the imagined designs of Jesuits and other Papists. This fanatical divine published quarterly a sort of Record, filled with details of plots and conspiracies carried on, as he believed, by the Roman Church for the extinction of all faithful followers of the Reformation. Had he lived now, he would merely have been the bosom-friend of Dr. Cumming; but existing a century and three-quarters ago, he became the dupe of Titus Oates and Lord Shaftesbury. It was arranged that the indigent parson, directed by the more respectable incumbent, should feign himself a convert to Catholicism, and under that cover obtain access to the most secret councils of his instructors. This was done, and the artful spy found a temporary home among the English Jesuits at Valladolid and St. Omer's. So disgraceful was his conduct, that he had to be expelled from both places; yet, on repairing to his patrons, the solitary fact of any apparent importance which he could tell was that several Jesuits had, in the month of April last, held a private meeting in the British metropolis. Even the locality was not accurately described; but the bold informer declared that it was neither more nor less than a secret conclave for devising the king's assassination, and the subversion by force of Protestantism. The fable was further based upon an enormous mass of pretended confirmatory evidence, detailing the conveyance of treasonable letters, subscriptions of monies, distributions of military means, and other attractive falsehoods, written in Greek characters by Oates, copied into English ones by Tonge, and, finally, communicated with much mystery to an individual employed in the royal laboratory, named Kirkby. Such was the diabolical machinery which presently plunged



these realms in guilt, bloodshed, perjury, confusion, and misery. His majesty received the earliest intimation when walking in the Park, on the 13th of August 1678. A full development of the imposture would occupy more volumes than we have devoted pages to this article; but the simple fact was, that the popular mind was just then like a coal-mine charged with fire-blast, into which, when the conspirators introduced their first candle, the whole atmosphere exploded into the most terrible and fatal conflagration.

The depositions of Titus Oates were made before Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. His subsequent suicide harrowed up the public mind, already more than sufficiently agitated; and was attributed to the Papists, as the first-fruits of their projected assassinations, to get inconvenient testimony out of their way. His funeral attracted thousands upon thousands, anxious as they professed themselves to do honour to the Protestant proto-martyr; whose mangled remains, thus exposed to general view, with a short sword sticking through his heart, stirred up for two whole days the worst passions of an inflamed populace. Councils assembled; sermons were preached; royal personages believed all manner of lies, and were adored; or they hesitated over such gross delusions, and were execrated. Houses were fortified, streets barricaded; magistrates surrounded themselves with guards and weapons; a general massacre was expected, besides the blowing up of Whitehall, and the burning of the City. Parliament, when it met, added thunder and lightning to the political hurricane. Senators conjured their sovereign to be careful of his meals, and to see that they were furnished, or at least prepared, by orthodox cooks abjuring transubstantiation. Committees of inquiry were appointed by both houses; in which Shaftesbury and his creatures contrived to gain so entirely the ascendancy, that the earl might be said to have usurped the government. He was always at his post, self-possessed in the consciousness of his power, receiving information, granting warrants for searches and arrests, examining and committing his victims, instructing officers, informers, and jailors; and, in one word, compounding all the ingredients of perjury, persecution, and falsehood into the poison of his magic caldron. Men, otherwise sober, went mad for months together on this particular subject. The seizure of Coleman's papers threw oil of vitriol upon the flames. Not that there was any thing really palpable or substantial in them; but he had been expensive and unguarded in his habits, was fond of diffusive correspondence, had been an Anglican, and had become a not very edifying Catholic, was secretary to the Duchess of York,

had offered his obtrusive services on behalf of the faith to Father La Chaise, had tampered with three French ambassadors and got money from them, and had proposed that Louis XIV. should provide him with 20,000*l.* to effect important purposes. "There lay a mighty work," he wrote, "upon the hands of the children of the Church, no less than the conversion of three kingdoms; and by that, perhaps, the subduing of a pestilent heresy, which had so long domineered over great part of the northern world." Luzancy had formerly accused him before the Privy-Council, but he then faced and silenced the informer. His attempt to do the same by Titus Oates brought him to the scaffold, with an army of far nobler martyrs. Meanwhile, document after document, and assertion after assertion, brought forward by the agents of Shaftesbury, were proved to be forgeries and fabrications. It mattered little. Both Houses of Parliament passed a resolution that "there had been, and still was, a damnable and hellish plot, contrived and carried on by the Popish recusants, for sacrificing the king, subverting the government, and rooting out Protestantism."

Amidst the universal frenzy, every vestige of reason, justice, and equity vanished from the land. Five Catholic peers, Powis, Stafford, Petre, Arundell, and Belasyse, were committed to the Tower. For the security of the capital, batteries of field-pieces, ready loaded, were planted in the principal squares. The metropolitan prisons alone contained two thousand suspected Papists; nearly thirty thousand more found themselves compelled to withdraw at least ten miles from Whitehall. Every Catholic residence was searched for arms; whilst from London the alarm and confusion extended gradually throughout the entire country. The Test Bill of Lord Danby was now carried; but his hold on the helm had long passed away, since another statesman, more wicked than himself, had outbid him in perjured zeal and fury against the Church of God. Titus Oates, blasphemously flattered, together with his patron, as having redeemed these realms from idolatry and destruction, now received further support from the absurd depositions of William Bedloe, a flagitious villain, recently discharged out of Newgate, who had once been employed in the stables and household of Lord Belasyse. Both the vile informers attempted to implicate the queen, yet in vain; for, singular to relate, the only individual of mark whose calmness remained unperturbed was her royal consort and sovereign. Staley, Ireland, Grove, Pickering, Prance, Hill, Green, Berry, with far too many more to enumerate, on the most mendacious evidence, suffered at Tyburn. Their pretended trials constituted



so many mockeries of justice. No jury dared to acquit, no judge doubted for a moment to condemn. Even the episcopal clergy hounded on the executioners to their horrible work from Sunday to Sunday. Sancroft, Barlow, Sharp, Burnet, Tillotson, and Stillingfleet, roared as loudly in their churches as the most vulgar Anabaptist or Independent in his conventicle. Nor in the higher ranks of laymen was there any legislator more bitter than the belauded William Lord Russell, even down to the death of the saintly Stafford. The members of the Society of Jesus, Whitbread and Fenwick, together with Harcourt, Gavan, Turner, and Langhorne, an eminent Catholic lawyer, as also three Benedictine monks, Corker, Marshall, and Rumby, went to their bloody martyrdom in 1679; besides Pleasington, who was executed at Chester; Evans and Lloyd at Cardiff; Lewis at Uske; Postgate at York; Mahoney at Ruthin; Johnson at Worcester; and Kemble at Hereford. These latter were several of them priests, of whom two had passed their eightieth year! In Ireland, the persecution raged with almost equal violence, terminating with the tragedies of Archbishops Talbot and Plunkett; the one worn down to a painful death in his dungeon, the other judicially murdered in open daylight.

Danby, about 1678-79, had witnessed the end of his administration; an annihilated politician, in every sense of the word, betrayed by his subordinates, deserted by his master, shipwrecked by circumstances, and irrevocably superseded by Shaftesbury. That wonderful impostor now appeared at the summit of his ambition. All the Privy-Council were dismissed at once, and an entirely new cabinet formed, with the noble author of the Popish Plot at its head as lord president. This was on the 21st April 1679. Finding the Prince of Orange less manageable than he had expected, the great agitator had concluded a close compact with Monmouth, whose conduct and prospects he had lately considered rather perilous speculations. It was given out upon solemn evidence that the Catholics had endeavoured to set fire to London; that French troops were marching to the coast for making a descent upon England, that James might be substituted for Charles, and Catholicity for Protestantism; so now the single hope for national and religious safety lay in a Bill of Exclusion, which should finally set aside the Duke of York from the succession. Thus began an energetic contest, terminating ten years after in the Revolution of William and Mary; yet at its commencement, their ignoble rival might have been thought by some persons almost nearer to the coveted prize than themselves. Shaftesbury sent him northward in the summer to subdue the

Scotch Covenanters; and is supposed to have suggested all his subsequent efforts towards accumulating political capital out of rural progresses, gunpowder-processions, formation of clubs, inflammatory publications, and anticipated suppressions of Bibles in the vulgar tongue. Through an apprehension of this last calamity, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, with many others, set themselves to copying the Old and New Testament into short-hand, that they might not be destitute of their favourite consolations in the hour of distress. De Foe, then a very young man, declares that he worked at the supererogatory labour like a horse, until he had transcribed the Pentateuch; at which point, however, his fingers grew so tired, that he was willing to risk the remainder, and trust a good Providence even under a Romish monarch. Macaulay justly declares, that if there was a point about which Charles II. really entertained a scruple of conscience or of honour, that point was the descent of the crown. He was willing, nevertheless, to consent to the Exclusion Bill for 600,000*l.*; and the negotiation came to be broken off only because he insisted upon being paid beforehand. Monmouth, after his victory at Bothwell Bridge, returned in triumph to London, to be addressed publicly as his Highness by those who were short-witted or short-sighted. In August, just as his popularity seemed at its zenith, since the Duke of York had been banished to Brussels, the king suddenly fell ill with a fever at Windsor; which awakened some remorseful affection towards his absent brother, not a little augmented by the outrageous presumption of the royal minion, in demanding from his father that James should be ordered not to leave the capital of Flanders. Charles, therefore, secretly sent for his brother, and welcomed him with open arms. When the uncle and nephew thus encountered each other, the former, greatly to his honour, tendered an offer of reconciliation, which Shaftesbury, as an evil genius, persuaded the latter to decline. Gleams of common sense from that instant began to pierce through the selfishness of the royal mind. Monmouth was deplumed of his overgrown preferences, and sent to Holland. James went back to Brussels, but ultimately took up his residence in Scotland. Intrigues multiplied on all sides, amidst which the lord president was dismissed in October 1679. When Parliament was prorogued to the same month of the following year, affairs were only falling into fresh confusions.

Shaftesbury and his associates resolved to keep alive the fears of both the sovereign and his subjects. The first had persuaded Monmouth to withdraw from the kingdom, in obedience to his father; but he now recalled him, and played him



off as the grand hope of the nation. He also organised a system of petitions precisely analogous to those of the present Anti-Maynooth Association. Yet, strange to say, instead of achieving his purpose, it merely produced an imitation of his plan on the part of the old cavaliers, by way of reaction. James returned to London. His opponents, maddened by his reception, revived the story of Monmouth's legitimacy. But the conspiracy of the Black Box, as it was termed, proved too gross; while the populace, fickle as it always is, began to tire even of Titus Oates, the Popish Plot itself, and all its concomitants. Every lie carries the worm of its own destruction at the core. Still, however, struggling for his supremacy, Shaftesbury dared to present the Duke of York as a Popish recusant; an impudent scheme twice attempted, and as often defeated. Then followed the Meal-Tub Plot, the affair of Dangerfield involving fresh executions, the negotiations of the patriots with France and the Hague, the factions of Whig and Tory, and a final effort to pass the Exclusion Bill. Had it succeeded, Shaftesbury would have wreaked his vengeance upon the Catholics, and have possibly extirpated their holy religion from these realms as effectually as it has been done from the Scandinavian kingdoms. But Charles obtained his ultimate advantage through getting rid of the Parliament altogether. It was dissolved at Oxford on the 27th of March 1681. Halifax and his companions having now the seals of office swept the cabinet clear from all its recent occupants; and determined to prosecute the late lord president, upon charges of high treason, for having meditated a change of government, as well as of dynasty, to be effected by violence, if other means failed. It was curious to see the tables turned upon the mighty agitator; who was committed to the Tower on the 2d July 1681, and after four months was tried, acquitted, and dismissed. The mob had hooted him as he went into custody; bell-rings and bonfires attended his return, with shouts for "Monmouth and Shaftesbury." Some of his papers, however, still implicated him; nor could he forbear mixing himself up with men of the most desperate fortunes and character. Meanwhile James had been well received in the metropolis; and even his old enemy once thought of seeking a reconciliation with him. An overture of the sort being but coldly received, the fallen earl, having urged his friends to rise in open insurrection, betook himself in the disguise of a Presbyterian parson to Harwich, and from thence to Holland; where anxiety and vexation undermined his health, until, gout attacking his stomach, he expired shortly

after his departure from England, in the fourth week of January 1683. His remains are interred at Wimborne.

Thus perished from the earth a statesman who, had he lived in the earlier ages of Christianity, would have infallibly found a place in the treatise *De Mortibus Persecutorum*. He had written a history of his own times, and confided it to the care of John Locke the philosopher; but that author, although an immense admirer of the earl, alarmed at the prosecution of Algernon Sydney, and fancying that this Ms. also might exhale an odour of treason, cast it into the flames for the sake of his own safety. Fragments of it are still extant; and its rather pusillanimous destroyer, feeling that a debt remained due to the memory of his noble friend, coalesced with Thomas Stringer, who had been clerk of the presentations to Lord Shaftesbury, in some endeavours towards drawing up a suitable biography of their patron. Their papers not having been printed during their lives, were afterwards used by a poet named Benjamin Martyn, in 1732, as the groundwork of a memoir; but this also never emerged from the press. It was put into the hands of Gregory Sharpe, master of the Temple, who passed it on to Doctor Kippis and the *Biographia Britannica*. The fact was, that, however mortifying it might be to his family, if the truth were to be told at all, the founder of this celebrated earldom could be portrayed as no other than one of the moral monsters of history; a single solitary sun-beam alone falling upon the picture, namely, our being indebted to Shaftesbury for the perfect form in which England now possesses the Habeas Corpus act. He had suffered so much himself in attempting to get out of the Tower in 1677, that he knew from sad experience where the shoe pinched, and therefore took pains against a repetition of the torture. It is sufficiently remarkable, nevertheless, that in thus really conferring a benefit upon future generations, he cautiously excluded from the advantages of this act *all persons imprisoned in consequence of the Popish Plot*. His agent, Titus Oates, had received 1200*l.* per annum for his perjury; yet such were his crimes, that the law at length caught him, in May 1685; when he was fined two thousand marks, degraded from his orders, twice publicly whipped, and sentenced to stand every year of his life five times in the pillory. After the Revolution, William III. granted him a full pardon, settled on him a pension of 400*l.* a year, and always considered him, perhaps with some irony, among the suffering personifications of Whiggery and Protestantism. Towards the close of the century, he was received once more as a repentant sinner by



his former friends the Baptists; but they also expelled him within twelve months, "as a disorderly person and a hypocrite; a man of cunning, mere effrontery, and consummate falsehood." He died in 1705, full of days and iniquities. Verily might it be said of him, that *prævaricatus est, ut abiret in locum suum*.

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## Reviews.

### THE NEWCOMES.

*The Newcomes: Memoirs of a most respectable Family.* By W. M. Thackeray. Bradbury and Evans.

THERE has probably been no successful novelist whose writings have given rise to such differences of opinion as Mr. Thackeray. We speak, of course, of differences between persons who might be expected to have agreed tolerably in questions of common literary criticism. In the case of such writers as Fielding or Smollett, where the moral faults are glaring, differences of opinion as to the tone and practical influence of their books can only spring from radically different ideas of right and wrong. The same is more or less true with writers of less questionable, but still decidedly lax principles, such as Bulwer Lytton. Allowing for individual exceptions, and setting aside *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*, in which the novelist has taken up a new line, few men of any principle will doubt that this gentleman's stories are utterly untrue as pictures of human life, human passions, and human motives, as they are in reality and in possibility; or will hesitate to censure them as at once philosophically false and practically pernicious.

Take, again, the inimitable stories of Miss Austen. We should as soon expect to hear of differences of opinion with regard to the truth of Euclid's *Elements*, as with regard to the life-like fidelity of those sun-pictures of English domestic life. With Walter Scott, too, there is little diversity of theoretical criticism. We may differ as to the extent to which his habitual introduction of the romantic element into his tales interferes with their perfection as pictures of humanity; but beyond that, the estimate formed by most intelligent novel-readers would be pretty nearly unanimous. In the case of Charles Dickens there would be a little more disagreement. The scenes which one reader would find tragic, another would feel melodramatic, and laugh at their sentiment as fustian; and we should not all of us agree as to our liking for that "cant of

benevolence" with which this great humorist delights to interlard his stories. Still, on the whole, you would never hear clever and religious people discussing the tone of Dickens, or the truth of his views of life, or his personal character as shown in his writings, with the same very decided differences of opinion, and such strongly-marked feelings, as are common enough in the case of the author of *Vanity Fair*.

Few authors, indeed, awaken a personal interest, of one kind or another, so strikingly as Mr. Thackeray. Many clever and acute people literally cannot bear the tone of his writings, and gather from them the most disagreeable impressions as to the character of the mind which can take delight in portraying human nature as he delights to portray it;—for that he delights in his work, and revels in his own peculiar kind of satire against certain classes of follies and vices, is manifest in every page that he writes. Others, again, not only relish his caustic sentences and keenly-cut portraits with intense gusto, but are conscious of a liking for himself, and an interest in him as a man, of a kind not often awakened by the mere reading of a man's books.

For ourselves, if not among his most enthusiastic admirers, we are certainly of those who regard his picture of human life —(for it is but one, though multiplied with many variations) —as substantially accurate in an extraordinary degree. English society is, we are convinced, no better and no worse than Mr. Thackeray describes it. Humanity will not bear dissection without revealing that intensity of selfishness, and that ludicrous degree of self-deception, which he loves to lay bare to the eye of the looker-on. At the same time, Mr. Thackeray does not know humanity such as it becomes under certain influences, to whose nature he is undoubtedly still a stranger. He has little knowledge of religious principle in its heroic or its manly types. He has not yet learnt to dissociate devout feelings and habits from spooniness or softness. A strongly-marked intelligence, in which the reason, the imagination, and the habits are thoroughly imbued with the highest Christian ideas, is a thing of which he has hitherto comprehended nothing in actual reality; and consequently he has never even attempted the representation of such a thing in his writings. Hence the failure of so many of Mr. Thackeray's "good" people. They are usually either milk-and-water, or prosy, or priggish, or impossibly simple. There is Dobbin, in *Vanity Fair*, for example. The man is designed for an instance of the most charming, open-hearted, child-like fidelity and guilelessness. But, instead of being child-like, he is childish; a flat, a spoon, and, on the whole, a bore. To our



taste, the colonel in *The Newcomes* is scarcely more successful. He is only a fresh edition of Dobbin; in some points admirably drawn; but his simplicity degenerates into silliness, and his heart is magnified at the expense of his brains. The scene where he is made to visit a London "cider-cellar," and come out in the character of the virtuous parent, who never heard of the world's shocking wickedness, is simply an impossibility in the case of a man whose history has been that which Mr. Thackeray assigns to Colonel Newcome. Then we have Laura, from *Pendennis*, once more: a most uninteresting young lady originally, with a soft heart and brains to match, but now transformed into our author's *beau-ideal* of a young mother. As Mrs. Pendennis, this Laura is absolutely a nuisance; offensively perfect; and, as a specimen of good-breeding, decidedly second-rate.

As an exception, however, to the ordinary failure of Mr. Thackeray's worthies, we have here a delightfully-sketched personage in Madame de Florac, the colonel's old love, and married to an aged French *émigré* by her parents. This is the first character in which we have seen our author conceive a natural union between sincere piety, warm feelings, and distinct individuality of mind. Equally successful is madame's son, the vicomte. He is one of the happiest conceptions in modern fiction. The Anglo-mania of a certain section of the French noblesse was never hit off with lighter grace or a more delicate touch. It was a clever thought, too, to make him and his mother talk an English not of the common "foreigner's-English" sort, but a literal translation of the equivalent French idiom.

But *The Newcomes* abounds in happily-conceived and vigorously-painted portraits. Clive himself, the hero, is of the Arthur-Pendennis type, and a rather commonplace kind of a young gentleman. Still, he is fairly done; and the author's only mistake in his respect is that of making him write letters far more brilliant and acute than could possibly have come from the head of a youth such as our friend Clive is represented. A much more interesting and equally well-drawn fellow is young Lord Kew, one of the best specimens of his type that we know of in novels. As for his wicked old grandmother, she is inimitable: in such villanous specimens of heartless humanity Mr. Thackeray's pen revels. Ethel, her granddaughter, is unquestionably, on the whole, successful. It was a difficult task to retain the reader's liking for her all through the more selfish and foolish parts of her career; but we suspect that few readers will not prefer her, all along, to Mr. Thackeray's model-mother, Laura Pendennis.

But, as we have said, the book is studded with portraits

from the life. Barnes Newcome, the detestable; Mrs. Hobson Newcome, and her Bryanstone-square scientifics; the Princesse de Montcontour, first Puritan, then Puseyite, then the good-natured friend; Bayham, the dilapidated young *roué*; Mrs. Mackenzie, the designing; old Binnie, the kind-hearted Scotch growler; the Jew money-lender, who owns Lady Whittlesea's chapel; J. J., the enthusiastic youthful painter, and the only character in the book who never comes in for a side-hit or a concealed sneer from the author; Aunt Honeyman, and her scoundrelly and reverend nephew;—take these altogether, and not one of Mr. Thackeray's novels presents so numerous and so well-drawn a gallery. Perhaps not one of them is equal to the unrivalled Becky in *Vanity Fair*, who still reigns Mr. Thackeray's masterpiece. Nor are there any detached scenes equal to the more powerful parts in the history of Becky. Still, *The Newcomes* is a more agreeable book than *Vanity Fair*. Individuality, genius, brilliancy, and power are not always associated with rascality, and the general tone of the whole has more repose and less intensity of bitterness.

One of its most pleasant features is the change in Mr. Thackeray's manner of speaking of any thing pertaining to Catholicism. It is difficult to believe that the pen which traced the portraits of Madame de Florac and Clive's letter from Rome, could have written "The Appeal to an eminent Appealer" in the pages of *Punch*. Not that Mr. Thackeray writes in the least like a man who is going to turn Catholic. Far from it. He writes like a man of the world still; but like a candid man of the world, and not an outrageously angry and unfair John Bull. The change in his mind is simply that of a man who has come to believe in the actual existence of religion as a purifying and elevating influence in quarters where he has least suspected it. Even the sketch of Lord Kew's evangelical mother, slight as it is, indicates a sincere and candid appreciation of honest goodness for its own sake. The infirmities of that very amiable and somewhat puritanical lady are touched with precisely that gentle and kindly regard which her substantial merits deserved. It is also impossible not to observe, that Mr. Thackeray's keen eye has at length detected the boundless humbug which belongs to some of the peculiarities of Protestantism, as such; though this is a far different thing from a conviction, not only that Protestantism is false, but that Catholicism is true. But whatever are his own feelings, the following paragraphs convey with a singularly graphic power the impression that the Eternal City has made, and still makes, on many and many a reflecting mind that is far from any practical advance to the Catholic faith:



"Our friend Clive used jocularly to say he believed there were no Romans. There were priests in portentous hats; there were friars with shaven crowns; there were the sham peasantry, who dressed themselves out in masquerade costumes, with bagpipe and goat-skin, with crossed leggings and scarlet petticoats, who let themselves out to artists at so many pauls per sitting; but he never passed a Roman's door except to buy a cigar or to purchase a handkerchief. Thither, as elsewhere, we carry our insular habits with us. We have a little England at Paris, a little England at Munich, Dresden, every where. Our friend is an Englishman, and did at Rome as the English do.

"There was the polite English society, the society that flocks to see the Colosseum lighted up with blue fire, that flocks to the Vatican to behold the statues by torchlight, that hustles into the churches on public festivals in black veils and deputy-lieutenants' uniforms, and stares, and talks, and uses opera-glasses while the pontiffs of the Roman Church are performing its ancient rites, and the crowds of the faithful are kneeling round the altars; the society which gives its balls and dinners, has its scandal and bickerings, its aristocrats, parvenues, toadies imported from Belgravia; has its club, its hunt, and its Hyde Park on the Pincio: and there is the other little English world, the broad-hatted, long-bearded, velvet-jacketed, jovial colony of the artists, who have their own feasts, haunts, and amusements by the side of their aristocratic compatriots, with whom but few of them have the honour to mingle.

"J. J. and Clive engaged pleasant lofty apartments in the Via Gregoriana. Generations of painters had occupied these chambers, and gone their way. The windows of their painting-room looked into a quaint old garden, where there were ancient statues of the imperial time, a babbling fountain, and noble orange-trees with broad clustering leaves and golden balls of fruit, glorious to look upon. Their walks abroad were endlessly pleasant and delightful. In every street there were scores of pictures of the graceful characteristic Italian life, which our painters seem one and all to reject, preferring to depict their quack brigands, contadini, pifferari, and the like, because Thompson painted them before Jones, and Jones before Thompson, and so on, backwards into time. There were the children at play, the women huddled round the steps of the open doorways, in the kindly Roman winter; grim portentous old hags, such as Michael Angelo painted, draped in majestic raggery; mothers and swarming bambins; slouching countrymen, dark of beard and noble of countenance, posed in superb attitudes, lazy, tattered, and majestic. There came the red troops, the black troops, the blue troops of the army of priests; the snuffy regiments of Capuchins, grave and grotesque; the trim French abbés; my lord the bishop, with his footman (those wonderful footmen); my lord the cardinal, in his ramshackle coach, and his two, nay three footmen behind him—flunkies that look as if they had been dressed by the costumier of a British pantomime—coach with prodigious emblazonments

of hats and coats-of-arms, that seems as if it came out of the pantomime too, and was about to turn into something else. So it is, that what is grand to some persons' eyes appears grotesque to others; and for certain sceptical persons, that step, which we have heard of, between the sublime and the ridiculous, is not visible.

“‘I wish it were not so,’ writes Clive, in one of the letters wherein he used to pour his full heart out in those days. ‘I see these people at their devotions, and envy them their rapture. A friend, who belongs to the old religion, took me, last week, into a church where the Virgin lately appeared in person to a Jewish gentleman, flashed down upon him from heaven in light and splendour celestial, and, of course, straightway converted him. My friend bade me look at the picture, and, kneeling down beside me, I know prayed with all his honest heart that the truth might shine down upon me too; but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all, I saw but a poor picture, an altar with blinking candles, a church hung with tawdry strips of red and white calico. The good, kind W— went away, humbly saying, ‘that such might have happened again if Heaven so willed it.’ I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know his works are made to square with his faith; that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor.

“‘Our friend J. J., very different to myself in so many respects, so superior in all, is immensely touched by these ceremonies. They seem to answer to some spiritual want of his nature, and he comes away satisfied as from a feast, where I have only found vacancy.

“‘I think I have lost sight of St. Peter’s, haven’t I? Yet it is big enough. How it makes your heart beat when you first see it! Ours did as we came in at night from Civita Vecchia, and saw a great ghostly darkling dome rising solemnly up into the gray night, and keeping us company ever so long as we drove, as if it had been an orb fallen out of heaven with its light put out. As you look at it from the Pincio, and the sun sets behind it, surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world. I don’t like to say that the façade of the church is ugly and obtrusive. As long as the dome overawes, that façade is supportable. You advance towards it—through, O, such a noble court! with fountains flashing up to meet the sunbeams; and right and left of you two sweeping half-crescents of great columns; but you pass by the courtiers and up to the steps of the throne, and the dome seems to disappear behind it. It is as if the throne was upset, and the king had toppled over.

“‘There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbour cliffs on clear days: one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea: we think of lazy



friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like commonplaces of Protestant satire. Lo, yonder inscription, which blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost; and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which Hell shall not prevail! Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have been burning before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realised in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday: others, to be as blessed as they, walk the world even now doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day, as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Isn't there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them? Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest to-day, who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—hand in hand they hold by one another, till the line is lost up in heaven. Come, friend, let us acknowledge this, and go and kiss the toe of St. Peter. Alas! there's the channel always between us; and we no more believe in the miracles of St. Thomas of Canterbury, than that the bones of his grace, John Bird, who sits in St. Thomas's chair presently, will work wondrous cures in the year 2000: that his statue will speak, or his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence will wink.

“‘So, you see, at those grand ceremonies which the Roman Church exhibits at Christmas, I looked on as a Protestant. Holy Father on his throne or in his palanquin, cardinals with their tails and their train-bearers, mitred bishops and abbots, regiments of friars and clergy, relics exposed for adoration, columns draped, altars illuminated, incense smoking, organs pealing, and boxes of piping soprani, Swiss guards with slashed breeches and fringed halberds,—between us and all this splendour of old-world ceremony there's an ocean flowing: and yonder old statue of Peter might have been Jupiter again, surrounded by a procession of flamens and augurs, and Augustus as pontifex maximus, to inspect the sacrifices; and my feelings at the spectacle had been doubtless pretty much the same.’”

The one prominent fault in *The Newcomes* is its excessive length. Four-and-twenty numbers of close type are more than the cleverest inventor of plots and characters can compass. Mr. Thackeray could have managed about eighteen

numbers, with ease to himself and pleasure to his readers; but as it is, the marks of "spinning-out" are painfully palpable, and as much weariness creeps upon the reader as is possible with so lively and thoughtful a writer. It is a long time, too, to wait till July 1855 for the *dénouement* of a story that began in August 1853. Why that was before Sebastopol was even known, as a place actually existing, to the majority of Englishmen!

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HIPPOLYTUS AND CALLISTUS.—DÖLLINGER, BUNSEN, AND WORDSWORTH.

*Hippolytus und Kallistus; oder die Römische Kirche in der ersten Hälfte des dritten Jahrhunderts.* Von T. Döllinger. Regensburg, bei J. Manz, 1853.—*Hippolytus and Callistus; or, the Romish Church in the first half of the Third Century.* By T. Döllinger.

THE history of St. Callistus I., Pope and Martyr, was very little known till the newly-discovered *Philosophumena* of his contemporary Hippolytus, the Roman presbyter, threw fresh light on the subject. Hippolytus evinces himself in the work in question the decided enemy of Callistus, whose character and proceedings he does all he can to blacken as much as possible. In consequence of this, the *Philosophumena* have been seized upon with avidity by writers hostile to the Catholic Church, as affording in their estimation new and irrefragable proofs of the corruptions and errors in which the See of St. Peter was plunged in the first ages, and especially of the emptiness of its pretensions to any such supreme authority over other sees in those times as Catholics ascribe to it. Canon Wordsworth, of Westminster, and Chevalier Bunsen, late minister for Prussia at the court of Queen Victoria, have especially distinguished themselves in thus turning to account the work of Hippolytus; the first as a stanch son of the Church of England, the second as an apostle of Rationalism, and the prophet of a totally new Church of his own, namely, the "Church of the Future." Dr. Döllinger undertakes, in the book before us, to show how very little cause both the canon and the chevalier have to plume themselves on the truth of the statements advanced by Hippolytus; who, when he penned them, was nothing more than the leader of a schismatical party at Rome, and an unsuccessful antipope in opposition to St. Callistus. Out of his own mouth Dr. Döl-



linger convicts Hippolytus of malignant falsehood, and vindicates the character of Callistus from the very accusations brought against him.

The early history of Pope Callistus I. was briefly as follows: he was originally a slave, in the service of a Christian named Carphophorus, who held a situation in the palace of the Emperor Commodus. This was about the close of the second century. His master employed him to manage a sort of bank of exchange; but not proving fortunate in his speculations, he fled, to escape the effects of his master's anger, to Portus, with the intention of taking ship to another country. Carphophorus pursued him, and came up with him before he could embark. In his despair he sprang into the sea, to save himself by swimming; but was immediately seized by some sailors, and delivered up to his master. The latter forthwith took him back to Rome, and cast him into the *Pistrinum*, a prison for runaway slaves, where he underwent the greatest cruelties. That a Christian should thus treat a fellow-Christian surely proves more against the character of the master than of his slave. It was not long before Callistus excited the compassion of several of the faithful at Rome, who pleaded for him so powerfully, that the hard-hearted Carphophorus was induced to relent, and set him at liberty on condition of his recovering certain sums of money he had imprudently lent to the Jews, which still remained in their hands. In fulfilling this condition, he once urged his claims on his Jewish debtors on the Sabbath-day, as they were entering the synagogue. The Jews, thinking this a good opportunity to rid themselves once for all of the importunities of a poor Christian slave like Callistus, seized and dragged him before Fascianus, prefect of the city, on the charge of being a Christian and creating a riot at the synagogue. The upshot was, that he was condemned to hard labour for life in the mines of Sardinia. After undergoing this dreadful punishment for some time, he was suddenly set at liberty again, with a number of other fellow-sufferers condemned to the mines for Christ's sake. They were all indebted for this unexpected boon to the intercession of the emperor's favourite mistress, Marcia, who strongly espoused the cause of the persecuted Christians. After so many severe trials, better days now dawned on Callistus: he returned to Rome, where, as *servus pœnæ*, he was exempted from slavery, and entered the service of the Church. He soon rose to high distinction among the Roman clergy; became director of the celebrated cemetery which, from him, was called *Cœmeterium Callisti*, and enjoyed the complete confidence of Pope Zephyrinus.

All these incidents in his life, for which we are indebted to the *Philosophumena*, are related in such a way as to leave an unfavourable impression against Callistus in the mind of the reader. His leaping into the sea, for instance, is explained as an attempt, not to escape his master's wrath by swimming, but to commit suicide. This not succeeding, he is next represented as seeking to effect his purpose in a more honourable way, as a martyr for the faith, by committing an outrage at the Jewish synagogue on the Sabbath-day. Had this really been his intention, he would not, as Döllinger learnedly points out, have selected the Jewish synagogue for his outrage, but a Roman temple, or some heathen ceremonial in honour of the gods. Withal, that, even if Callistus had been so foolish as to imagine that his insult of the Jewish worship would entail his immediate execution, he must at least have been aware that, in his case, instead of being decapitated with the sword, he would, as a slave, have had to suffer crucifixion,—a death so horrible, that no man in his senses would knowingly expose himself to it. It is important to know, that Hippolytus himself was not resident at Rome when the above events occurred, and that he only relates them on hearsay from members of his own schismatical party. It is significant too, how very vague and meagre his narration is in every thing relating to the elevation of Callistus to the Papacy. The truth is, this was a sore point, one which he clearly avoids, as necessarily involving so much in praise of the man who, by his extraordinary merits alone, rose from the degraded condition of a slave to the chair of St. Peter itself; not only with the suffrages of the great majority of the Roman clergy, but also with the entire concurrence of the rest of the churches in communion with his own. This is clear from the account of Hippolytus himself; as also that his own adherents, when he started as anti-pope, formed but a small fraction of the community which Callistus represented, and only separated from it subsequently to the exaltation of the latter, whose legitimacy is thus placed in the strongest light by his rival. The accusations brought forward in the *Philosophumena* against St. Callistus as Pope, on the strength of which Hippolytus seceded from his communion, and sought to supersede him in his dignity, are mainly, that he was not orthodox in his doctrine of the Trinity, and that in the exercise of his papal office he relaxed in an unwarrantable manner the discipline of penance, as also the discipline of marriage and of clerical celibacy.

With regard to the dispute between Hippolytus and Callistus about the Trinity, the case was shortly as follows: there existed at Rome in the time of Pope Zephyrinus two



parties, who maintained opposite views on this awful mystery; the party founded by Noetus, towards the end of the second century, at the head of which Cleomenes now stood, and the party started in opposition to it by Hippolytus himself. The party of Noetus, as is well known, maintained the wholly un-Catholic doctrine that God the Father and God the Son were not distinct persons, but essentially one and the same, so that Jesus Christ was nothing but an emanation of the Father in the flesh, and as such styled the Son. Against this erroneous system Hippolytus professed to stand forth as the champion of orthodoxy, and was very eager in consequence to obtain the unqualified support of a man of such weight as Callistus. In this he did not succeed, because Callistus had not the same high opinion of the orthodoxy of Hippolytus as he himself had. It is true Hippolytus held, in opposition to the Noetians, that the Trinity consisted of three distinct persons, in the Catholic sense; but by mixing up Platonic ideas in his statement of the dogma, he adulterated it with much that was strange, and even repugnant, to the simple faith of the Church. Thus, according to him, the Son, as a distinct person from the Father, existed before all time; but is yet not eternal, like the Father, because He once did not exist hypostatically, because, though assuredly eternal in God according to His substance, He is yet only so as the impersonal understanding of God. Then the relation of the Son to the Father is that of the strictest subordination; the Father commands, the Son obeys and executes. The Father is the grand total of the Divinity,—a total to which the Son only stands in the relation of one of its powers. In Dr. Döllinger's opinion, too, there is little doubt that Hippolytus swerved from the Catholic doctrine respecting the procession of the Holy Ghost, which he would appear to view as something not primeval, but as resulting later for destined ends.

When Callistus became Pope, on the death of Zephyrinus, Sabellius had succeeded Cleomenes as head of the Noetians, and had elaborated their principles into the system which afterwards bore his name. It was to this effect: that there is only one God, who is called the Father from His first manifestation as Creator and Governor of the world; then the Son, inasmuch as by a second manifestation He united Himself in His power and efficacy with the Man Jesus; while, in a third emanation, He is called the Holy Ghost, as working out the salvation of the human race in the Church. That as soon as ever these two outbeamings of God, denominated Son and Holy Ghost, shall have accomplished their mission, they will return into the Father from whom they issued. For ob-

stinately maintaining this rank heresy, Sabellius was excommunicated by Callistus. Upon this Hippolytus steps forward, and pretends he was at one time very near making a convert of Sabellius, had not Callistus prevented him. Callistus is reported to have openly stated that his own views were akin to the doctrine of Cleomenes, and, by so doing, to have confirmed Sabellius in his errors. The course which the matter took shows that this only meant that Callistus concurred with Cleomenes (though on quite different grounds) in blaming much of the doctrinal language made use of by Hippolytus. Hippolytus, however, who only acknowledged one alternative,—either the adoption of his own doctrine, or that of Noetus,—in his narrative of this matter makes use of words, according to his custom, on which the reader may lay more or less stress as he chooses. Callistus, says he, is reported to have told Sabellius that his own way of thinking was similar to that of Cleomenes: whether in respect of the entire doctrine of the Trinity, or only of the one point in which he deemed the language of Hippolytus objectionable, the reader is left to guess for himself. Meanwhile it is perfectly clear, from the whole tenor of the affair, and from the account Hippolytus himself gives of the doctrine professed by Callistus, that the latter could not possibly have meant to refer to the entire Trinity in what he uttered to Sabellius. Callistus, in a word, believed in the Trinity just after the same manner as Pope Pius IX. believes in it now; and this is proved by our author out of the very contradictions and inconsistencies of which in his work (chap. iv. sect. 4) he shows the statement of Hippolytus on this subject to be full.

In the next place, as to the imputed laxity of Pope Callistus in matters of discipline, especially as connected with penance, marriage, and celibacy, it amounts simply to this, that he was guided by principles of mildness, while his opponent Hippolytus was an ascetical rigorist of the most unrelenting kind. Pope Callistus is reproached with being the first to assert the principle “of the unlimited power of forgiving sins;” and, if we are to believe Hippolytus, from no other motive than to promote among Christians an easier indulgence of their passions and sensual appetites! Undoubtedly Callistus asserted the perfectly orthodox principle in question; but he only did so in carrying out the policy already introduced by Pope Zephyrinus, of mitigating the severe penitential discipline of the Church to meet the exigencies of the times. Zephyrinus, for example, made a concession in favour of excommunicated women of pleasure, by which, after having done penance, they might again be ad-



mitted into the fellowship of the Church. This concession Callistus extended, on the same terms, to such as had incurred excommunication for idolatry and murder. Then, he admitted converts into the Church free of any penance at all when their past state of error had been an involuntary one; and in the case of apostates, he rendered it much easier for them to return to their duty than formerly by greatly softening the conditions of the penance they were obliged to perform. In consequence of this evangelical mildness, he made a great many new converts to the true faith, and won back many who had renounced it; among which last were not a few of the disciples of Hippolytus himself—nay, some whom he had actually excommunicated—and hence he was embittered and exasperated beyond measure. For he affected to consider his own schismatical clique as alone the true Catholic Church, in opposition to what he was pleased to call the “school” or “conventicle” of Callistus. And yet, full of passion and absurdity as the accusations of Hippolytus are, he is obliged to admit nevertheless that all the regulations newly made by St. Callistus were of a permanent character, and continued in force after his death,—as strong a proof as could be given that they had the sanction and approval of the clergy and laity of Rome, who, in that age, exercised a powerful influence over the measures of the Supreme Pontiff, especially in all matters relating to a reform or change of Church-discipline; so that his authority was any thing but an absolute one in consequence.

Dr. Döllinger's work is not only a masterpiece of critical investigation, it is also enriched with historical passages of a most interesting kind. St. Callistus, it appears, among other things, imparted the blessing of the Church to marriages which were not acknowledged by the heathen Roman law, as, for example, in the case of a woman of rank marrying a freedman or even a slave. This disregard of the laws of the state formed one of his most heinous offences in the eyes of Hippolytus, who denounces him in the most virulent terms in consequence. But it was precisely because the laws of the state, in their spirit, clashed with the laws of the Church, that St. Callistus was led to act as he did. In his times, under the emperors, it was not at all requisite, in contracting a legal marriage, to seal it by any act or formality either civil or religious, as is the case in all Christian states at the present day. All that was necessary was the father's consent to the marriage of his child, over whom he never ceased to exercise the most absolute authority. Hence that marriage was a good one in the eye of the Roman law which consisted in the mere fact of two legally qualified persons living together as man and

wife with the paternal sanction. If this sanction in an arbitrary fit were revoked, the marriage was dissolved. When St. Callistus took his seat in St. Peter's chair, the Roman law did not acknowledge, in the first place, the validity of any marriages between such as were free and such as were slaves; slaves, in a word, being regarded as things and not persons, were held incapable of contracting a real marriage either with one another or with the freeborn. In the second place, no senator or his children, or any of his descendants in the male line, could lawfully contract a marriage with a person of base degree, or with a freedman or woman; the object of this enactment being to maintain intact the dignity of senatorial houses. If a woman of senatorial rank married a freedman, the Roman law viewed their union in the light of a concubinage, such as by the Julian and Papinian codes was formally allowed and approved of. Moreover, if a freeborn man married a freedwoman, and afterwards rose to senatorial honours, the Roman law, according to the Papinian code, compelled him to dissolve his marriage, as no longer compatible with his new position. If this happened to a Christian, what could the Church do otherwise than declare to him that, in his case, the divine law must take precedence of the civil law, and that his marriage could not be cancelled? In connection with such legislation as this, Dr. Döllinger gives us the following account of the state of things at Rome which impelled the Pope and his flock to adopt the independent course they did:

"When Callistus ascended the chair of St. Peter, Rome, during the thirty-eight years that had elapsed since the death of Marcus Aurelius, had become, under the reigns of Commodus, Severus, and Caracalla, the scene of abominations and crimes which exceeded even the times of Nero and Caligula. The Syrian Heliogabalus was at the moment actually busied, by means of new inventions in debauchery—by the public example of every thing that can defile and degrade human nature—in extirpating every remnant of shame and morality; and Rome was now in a greater degree than ever the cesspool into which every thing discharged itself that could corrupt or be corrupted.\* The intention of the Papinian law to maintain intact the rank and honours of senatorial families, could have but little weight in the eyes of Christians at that time, as it was precisely such families among whom the pride of descent was found united, in the closest manner, with the zeal for supporting the worship of heathenism and oppressing the Christian religion, which, in its aspiring tendencies, constantly assumed a more threatening aspect. Such families as these it was that, of all others, clung with unshaken tenacity to idolatry, even when every thing around them had become Christian. And what was the state in which, at that time, the senate

\* The words of Tacitus,—*Annal.* xiv. 20.



and patrician families stood? Even in the time of Marcus Aurelius, Vetracinius could say to the emperor, that he saw many as prætors who had fought with him (as gladiators) in the arena.\* After this Commodus caused freedmen to be received into the senate and among the patricians.† Then followed the wholesale executions of the adherents of Albinus by order of Severus. These (to the number of two hundred and forty at once) principally cut off the senators and great officers of state.‡ His son Caracalla seemed to have made it his peculiar task utterly to destroy the senate, so great was the multitude of those whom he caused to be executed as partisans of his murdered brother Geta, or whom he ruined, by various means, in their property.§ Diminished as the senate thus was, Heliogabalus now sought to recruit it by enrolling new senators merely for money, without regard to property or birth.|| Considering, therefore, the state to which the last emperors, as if in competition with each other, had reduced the senate, it must be owned that the Papinian law, with its tendency to keep up the honour of wealthy and ancient families, was already an anachronism when Callistus declared he would accept the unequal marriages of senatorial women as valid before the Church." (pp. 171-2.)

Such women, in truth, when they were young and had no vocation to celibacy, were placed in a most trying position on embracing Christianity, as there were few persons of their sex that did so. A Christian believer among the men of high rank, in those times, was a great rarity; and if here and there such a person was to be met with among the senators, or other high dignitaries, ten to one it was an aged man and not a young one. Under these circumstances, a Christian maiden of distinction had hardly any prospect of marrying a Christian husband of corresponding station. She had no other choice but to remain single or to take a heathen, or else to marry a Christian of inferior rank or unite herself to a slave. Hippolytus, who was just as starch a rigorist respecting matrimony as penance, if he had been asked by her whether she ought sooner to marry a heathen of her own rank than a Christian beneath it, would have advised her to marry neither, but to view, in the fact that no Christian husband of suitable station was forthcoming, the will of God clearly manifested that it was her duty to serve Him unmarried in a state of continency. St. Callistus adopted, as we have said, a different course, and permitted highborn or wealthy women to contract marriage with one of their slaves. In such cases the slave

\* Jul. Capitol. Vita M. Anton. c. 12.

† Vit. Commod. c. 6.

‡ Dio, i. 75, c. 8, p. 1262, ed. Reimar. Spartiani Vita Sever. c. 12.

§ Spartiani Vita Caracallæ, c. 4. Dio, i. 17, p. 1290 sq. ed. Reimar.

|| "In senatum legit sine discrimine ætatis, census, generis, pecuniæ merito." *Lamprid.* c. 6.

seems usually to have been enfranchised in the first place, and thus the marriage with him (except only where the wife was of senatorial rank) became a valid one before the law. But where the slave, for various reasons, remained for a while in his original condition, the marriage entered into with him was viewed by the state as a mere *contubernium*, which, on the other hand, was raised by the Church, within her own sphere and in the eyes of the faithful, to the dignity of a Christian marriage. One of the great tasks imposed upon the Church was the subjugation of slavery as it existed in the Roman empire; and our author regards Pope Callistus, who himself had drunk the bitter cup of servitude to the dregs, as specially raised up by Providence to strike the first direct blow towards the downfall of so execrable an institution by means of the matrimonial regulations he introduced. Here is Dr. Döllinger's picture of slavery as it existed at Rome, in all its full-blown abomination, in the times of St. Callistus:

“Under the emperors many severities of the ancient slave-code were mitigated by the legislature; in place of the former unprotected state of the slaves, and of the unconditional power of life and death exercised over them by their masters, some restriction, consisting in a public protection, confined, it is true, within very narrow bounds, had been introduced. But this amelioration was far more than counterbalanced by that aggravation of their condition which was obliged to take place as the inevitable consequence of the luxury, debauchery, and reckless immorality of their masters, now carried to the highest pitch. The more vicious the free, the more abused and degraded the unfree; every where the slaves had to be at hand as the resistless tools of lust: upon them, by means of them, and with their help, was perpetrated every thing that lewdness, cruelty, anger, revenge, or avarice, prompted to their masters. Thus the mere existence of such a system as slavery was the inexhaustible spring of an immeasurable moral depravity; for, in the Roman empire, corruption could only have arrived at such universal dominion inasmuch as there existed in the bosom of civil society a class of beings who possessed human forms, human wants and passions, but who, destitute of every human right, of every moral duty—instead of conscience and law, knew only the will of their masters. Both classes of society laboured, as if competing with each other, at their mutual demoralisation. The masters lived in the school of those crimes which despotic power over other men, and the boundless liberty to abuse such power, ever engenders and nourishes. Even that part of the population that could not afford to keep slaves experienced the curse of such an institution; for, as agriculture and trade were mostly abandoned to the slaves, idleness, effeminate indolence, the rude appetite of enjoyment, and the vacuity of life, with their corresponding train of vices, was the lot of those masses. As to the slaves themselves, on whom it was constantly impressed



that they were not persons but only things,—that, indeed, their very existence had no other end or aim than to subserve the interests, pleasures, and whims of their masters,—they had the faults which are peculiar to the oppressed; lying, deceit, theft, are mentioned as the most common vices of slaves. That a man had almost as many enemies as slaves was almost proverbial. But the Roman legislation itself more strongly expressed by one definition alone the effect of servitude on the character of a slave than could possibly be done by the most detailed description; for a distinction was set up between such slaves as were novices and practised slaves (*novitii et veteratores*). As soon as a slave had been a year in service, he was no longer a novice but a *veterator*—one used to it, and worth much less than one not used to it; so that the slave-dealers were accustomed falsely to represent a slave who had seen service as a novice in order to get a higher price;\* for, says Ulpian, it is an admitted thing that a novice is much more simple, tractable, and useful than a slave already used to servitude, who is much more difficult to reform and adapt to the requirements of his master.† Thus one year of slavery, according to Roman calculation, was amply sufficient to corrupt an individual thoroughly. The fruits of such maxims of law as these, which, even under the emperors, were practically acknowledged, were as follows: A slave has no rights.‡ Servitude is juridically to be compared to death:§ towards a slave every thing is to be permitted.|| A master cannot be bound to any thing by compact with a slave;¶ in general no obligation exists towards him.\*\* Female slaves may be compelled against their will to yield their virtue;†† for slaves marriage is only a physical relationship—a pure fiction—the reality of which consists entirely in the good pleasure of the master; adultery, therefore, cannot be committed against slaves, and the laws of consanguinity do not concern them.‡‡

“Then it was that a society arose in the Roman empire in the bosom of which the free man and the slave were to be equal—the Church. This equality of religious and ecclesiastical rights the Church was able to give at once, and she did so; the rest had to be the work of time. With the moral and religious education of the slaves, she had to begin the work of their social elevation; she taught the slaves, as Origen says,§§ to acquire through faith freedom of thought, and thus to attain to freedom itself. Within her domain even slaves were intrusted with ecclesiastical offices; here there was a class of persons whose ascetic way of life led them on principle to renounce the service of slaves. Up to the third century the Church had achieved so much, by means of her own indwelling power, that a Christian slave was on the average certainly a nobler,

\* D. 39, t. 4, i. 16, § 3.

† D. 21, t. 1, i. 7.

‡ “Servile caput nullum jus habet.” D. 4. i. 6, i. 3.

§ D. 35, t. 1, § 59.

|| Seneca De Clement. i. 18.

¶ C. 2, t. 4, i. 13.

\*\* D. 50, t. 17, i. 21.

†† Seneca Controv. v. 33, p. 441-443. Compare Plautus, Pseudol. i. 11, v. 174.

‡‡ Dig. 38, t. 10, i. 10.

§§ Adv. Celsum, iii. 54, p. 483, edit. de la Rue.

a better person, and one more capable of fulfilling the higher duties of the married state, than a Roman senator or patrician, such as they are described to us in the histories of those times. It was therefore quite a part of the task, and to the interest of the Church, not only to allow marriages between the freeborn and the slaves, but even in many cases to favour them. She was called upon to represent the place of a mother to a class of beings who, in the heathen world, had not even a step-father. In Rome the number of the male slaves was certainly five times greater than that of the female slaves; most of the former, therefore, found it quite impossible to form a *contubernium*, or a permanent matrimonial connection, with a female of their own class, even when their masters permitted it, and did not prefer, like Cato perhaps, to forbid them marriage, and to sell them instead the irregular gratification of their passions for money.\* Thus a state of things was formed which, had not the healing power of the Church interposed, would of itself alone have sufficed to hurry the Roman empire along towards the dissolution of all social order, and towards inevitable destruction. On the one side, the propensity to an unmarried life among the freeborn classes, especially of high rank, was so widely spread, that even the vexatious enactments of the Papinian code could do nothing against it; people knew how to evade them by various expedients and fictions—so great appeared the advantages of a childless condition,† so oppressive the burden of a wife and sons. On the other side, the tyranny of the law, and of the arrangements of society, had done every thing partly to render impossible, partly to embitter, a regulated matrimonial connection for the numerous enslaved population.” (pp. 177-181.)

With what virulence Hippolytus attacks St. Callistus may be gathered from the following. It appears that, according to his account, cases occurred here and there among the wealthy women of rank, whose unequal marriages the Pope had sanctioned, of some of them employing criminal means to destroy their offspring before birth, because they could not get the better of the shame of being mothers to children whose fathers were of low degree, or slaves. “See!” exclaims Hippolytus, “to what a pitch of godless depravity this Callistus, this enemy of the law, has attained, who preaches at one and the same time libertinage and murder!”

Surely a blinder sally of passion than this, a more discreditable appeal from the use of a thing to its abuse, could not well be imagined under the circumstances. Just as well might he denounce St. Callistus for having administered bap-

\* Plutarch, Cato Major, c. 21.

† “In civitate nostra plus gratiæ orbitas confert quam eripit.” Seneca *ad Marciam*, c. 19. — “Plerisque etiam singulos filios orbitatis præmia graves faciunt.” Plinii *Epist.* iv. 15.



tism to those who afterwards relapsed into idolatry, as assail him because his intentions to afford a moral stay by means of Christian marriage to women exposed on all sides to the wicked seductions of heathenism, were now and then defeated by the guilt of such women, and he had to see, in consequence, the good he proposed perverted into evil. Withal, that it could be no matter of surprise if, in the words of our author :

“ In a city where it was necessary to forbid women by a special law to fight like gladiators in the arena, where,—on occasion of the Emperor Severus enacting a law against adultery, a memorial was presented to him with the names of 3000 persons guilty of that crime,—where the favourite of this emperor, Plautianus, caused a hundred persons of distinction, some of whom were actually fathers, to be made eunuchs of, for the service of his daughter, about to be married to Caracalla ;\*—if in such a city even Christian women were occasionally to be found for whom the spirit of seduction, pressing upon them through innumerable channels, and under the most various forms, proved too strong, and who fell from the faith.” (p. 187.)

With not less acrimony is St. Callistus taken to task by his inveterate foe on the pretended charge of having offended against the law of celibacy for the clergy, inasmuch as he allowed clergymen who married to retain their clerical rank. But, in reality, the general word “clergy,” made use of by Hippolytus, as is clear from his own narrative, is to be restricted in the present case merely to subdeacons, acolytes, and lectors, in respect of whom the discipline of the Church in that early age was fluctuating and unsettled. What Pope Callistus did was not to tolerate wives among the clergy generally, including bishops, priests, and deacons, as at first sight might be inferred from the perfidious vagueness of expression employed by Hippolytus, but only to impose the mildest form of ecclesiastical punishment then in use on subdeacons or acolytes who presumed to marry ; and this was, to suspend them from their sacred functions, but not to eject them from the ministry. In this he professedly acted in the spirit of St. Paul to the Romans, xiv. 4 ; and of St. Matthew, xiii. 30 ; while he considered the ark of Noah, with its clean and unclean beasts, as a prototype of the Church. His conduct was simply the same as that of all champions of the Church, before and since his time, over against the dark rigorism of the sects. Withal that, Dr. Döllinger does not omit to point out that, while St. Callistus, in what he advanced in his own justification on this subject, was in accordance with the entire Church, Hippolytus, on the other hand, in what he says

\* Dio Cass. i. 17, p. 1265, Reimar

against him, appears very much in the light of a precursor of the Novatians and Donatists.

Finally, our author adverts to the case of another accusation of an eminent bishop, the case of Bishop Paul of Antioch, who, forty-five years later than St. Callistus, was accused like him in an indictment drawn up by the assembled bishops of the East, and sent to Pope Dionysius at Rome, of being at once a heretic in doctrine, a profligate in conduct, and a systematic violator of Church-discipline.

"It is instructive," says Döllinger, "to compare these two descriptions together; in the case of Bishop Paul, every thing is concrete, distinct, and founded on fact; his entire proceedings, the subjugated and oppressed condition to which he had reduced the Church of Antioch, is rendered perfectly intelligible; in the other case, on the contrary, in the description which Hippolytus lays down of the Roman bishop's administration, the greater part vanishes in indistinctness; instead of definite matters of fact, we only get, among other things, sharp words; and the clearest of all in the diatribe is the pains the writer is at to let the reader augur the very worst possible without saying any thing positive. In Antioch we see a man who, by means of his ill-gotten wealth, his favour with Queen Zenobia, and his influential worldly office, oppresses the Church whose bishop he is, and tyrannises over clergy and people, so that no one ventures to resist him; he travels about with beautiful women; causes hymns in his own praise to be sung in the church; surrounds his person with a body-guard, &c. And now it occurs to us, for the first time, that Hippolytus, after all, is unable substantially to allege any thing against the personal character of Callistus; that, if he had known of any thing personally scandalous, any stain attaching to the life of Callistus after his elevation, he would not have spared it, is plain enough; but nothing of the sort is adduced by him; his reproaches are restricted to this, that Callistus, by means of bad Church-discipline and unseemly concessions, was the first to lighten the yoke of Christ for mankind, and to permit them to indulge in sensual pleasures. But that he himself led the way with his own example, and gave in to the enjoyments of sense,—of this there is not even a hint; while the Eastern bishops accuse Paul in a special manner, and with the mention of facts which must have been publicly known, of committing nearly every mortal sin in turn—avarice, robbery, pride, libertinage, and debauchery, Hippolytus is unable to lay a single personal fault to the charge of his opponent. We further see, that the Church of Antioch had only endured the government of its unworthy bishop so long, because it was robbed of its freedom, and was suffering violence, so that even the great synod of Eastern bishops was unable to dispossess him of his see, and was obliged to appeal to the arm of the heathen emperor. But with respect to Callistus it was quite otherwise; he, indeed, had no other support than the attachment of his



clergy and community; and Hippolytus is obliged to confess, that in spite of the uncanonical innovations of which he was said to be guilty, even well-meaning men, because they saw the Catholic Church in his communion, went over to his side.

"If Callistus, as Hippolytus describes him, had been a flatterer and sycophant of the Pope who preceded him, and moreover of a selfish and avaricious Pope, it is quite incredible that, on the death of this Pope, a free election, consequently the good opinion of the people, the favour and respect of the clergy, should have raised him to the papal chair. What means could he set in motion? Bribery?—he was poor, and the number of those to be bribed would have been at any rate far too great. The intervention of powerful patrons?—the powerful were at that time heathens; and had any thing of the kind taken place, Hippolytus would not have been silent. The elections were not made by a few and in secret, but by many and in public. Still Hippolytus has so described Callistus; and Hippolytus was a pious, and surely therefore a truth-loving man? Yes, he has said what was reported to him; and when party-spirit co-operates as it does in his case with personal bitterness, then, even with the pious, credulity soon gets master of a love of truth." (pp. 195-6.)

The scholarship and controversial talents both of Canon Wordsworth and Chevalier Bunsen present about as creditable a figure in Dr. Döllinger's hands as the veracity and candour of Hippolytus. The Prussian chevalier, in particular, is shown to be such an egregious blunderer on the subject of Church antiquities, so false in his assertions, and so absurd in his reasoning, as would hardly seem credible in a man of his reputation, did not our author in the very opening of his work place the fact beyond all doubt. Bunsen is a great stickler, among other wild theories, for Hippolytus having been Bishop of Portus near Rome, in spite of the testimony against him of such writers as Eusebius, Theodoret, and St. Jerome, who knew nothing at all of any such bishopric. This is one of the main points on which Dr. Döllinger controverts his views. To prove that Portus was of importance enough to be adapted for a bishop's see, Bunsen principally appeals to an inscription first made known by Sponius in the 17th century, and engraved on a pillar stated to have been found in the ruins of Portus. Döllinger, in reply, proves from Sponius himself that, in fact, the pillar with the chevalier's infallible inscription upon it was not found at Portus near Rome at all, but at the *portus* or port of Cannes in France! Again, in the *Philosophumena*, we learn that Hippolytus was a presbyter at Rome. To reconcile the incongruity of this with his being Bishop of Portus too, the chevalier in the first place coolly asserts the untruth, that such an arrangement always was and

still is quite usual in the Catholic Church ; and then mentions the 33d canon of the Apostolical Constitutions as his authority, which he actually describes as ordaining that every where the provincial bishops shall also belong to the presbytery of their metropolitan church,—in other words, that they shall be presbyters in one church, and bishops in another.\* He appears also to be a very bungling translator. Among several instances, our author gives this from a passage in a letter of St. Ignatius to Polycarp, exhorting the latter to “flee from wicked arts, nay, not even to mention them in open discourse ;”† which Bunsen renders as follows: “Flee pleasure-seeking coquettes,—rather keep company with older women.”

As to Canon Wordsworth, it is notorious that he wrote his work on *St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome* by no means in the interests of ecclesiastical learning, but only as a party-pamphlet, to spite the Pope for restoring the Catholic hierarchy in England. He relies entirely on Ruggieri, whom he describes as proving “beyond the possibility of a doubt” that Hippolytus was Bishop of Portus, and that his work is to be considered as an official document, in which the judgment of the Church of Rome respecting Hippolytus is laid down. This confidential tone leads Dr. Döllinger to examine afresh Ruggieri’s book in detail, and to prove over again, for the canon’s edification, that its statements are worthless and totally devoid of foundation. Canon Wordsworth is decidedly of opinion too that the bloody persecution of the Emperor Decius was a great judgment of God, inflicted on the Church generally for the heresies and corruptions of the Romish Church in particular under St. Callistus; in proof of which heresies and corruptions he adduces the complaints of St. Cyprian respecting the corruption which was prevalent in his own time, and consequently twenty years later than St. Callistus, and which had not spared the African Church; and further, the Novatian schism, which only first commenced in the year 251.

In concluding at this point our desultory account of Dr. Döllinger’s most remarkable book, we are only too sensible how many of its most salient features we have entirely overlooked. Still we hope that enough has been said to give an inkling of the riches it really contains. In few works of the same compass was there ever packed up so much learning of

\* The 33d canon in question prescribes, in so many words, that the bishops of every country must acknowledge him who is the first among them as such,—must consider him as their head, and do nothing without his approbation.

† § 5. p. 49. PP. Apost. xi. 41, τὰς κακοτεχνίας φεύγε, μᾶλλον δὲ περὶ τούτων δμίλιαν μὴ ποιοῦ.



the most recondite kind, conveyed in so clear and easy a style, or relieved by such caustic pleasantry and invaluable historical digression. Never was the character of a great and sainted Pope more triumphantly vindicated, never more skilfully disentangled from the meshes of an insidious web of dark calumny, than by Dr. Döllinger in his *Hippolytus and Callistus*.

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THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S MEMOIRS OF THE  
COURT OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, from original Family Documents.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Hurst and Blackett.

EVERY book-maker who, besides the bays of authorship, wears also upon his brow the strawberry-leaves of social rank, is so far forth a praiseworthy individual. To "royal and noble authors" we bow with what our French neighbours call the assurances of our highest consideration. Not that we would include in the category such exceptional cases as that of Byron, in which the inborn force of genius rose to the surface and made itself felt, apart from all the accidents of coronet and lineage, dexter and chief, or aught else that might occupy the attention of a Gwillim or a Lodge; cases in which, despite of aristocratic littlenesses and pretences of vanity, the poet has manifestly outshone the peer. Such men, who have genius essentially, and rank and title by accident, write and publish as a matter of course, of sheer necessity, and less (it might seem) in consequence of their position than in very despite of it. They "have that within" that will not brook suppression; and forth it comes, like a struggling volcano, that tears up its way through the most unlikely strata, and emerges to astonish the inert and smiling civilisation around it. Let such a man wield his powers for good or for evil to his own reward or condemnation,—and unhappy indeed was the exercise made of his powers by the gifted and miserable man we have referred to,—he is far more "Byron" than he is "Lord Byron" to all countries and times; as the undying name of Shakspeare becomes absolutely grotesque when tricked out as the "Mr. William Shakspeare" of his biographer Rowe.

When, on the contrary, a peer, ermined and coroneted, the centre of a great position in the land, and commanding all those channels and spheres of honourable and gratifying em-

ployment which his position involves, determines over and above them all to commit himself to the chances of type, and stand his ballot in the republic of letters, that man is to be honoured in proportion to the amount and to the gratuitousness of the toil he has imposed on himself in the service of the public. We cannot answer for ourselves; but we almost fear, that had we chanced to be lord-lieutenant of a county, colonel of the yeomanry in the shire that held the bulk of our estates, chairman of the quarter-sessions in our provincial town, chief steward of the musical festival in the diocesan cathedral, besides being honorary D.C.L., trustee of the British Museum, and what not besides, we might have kept our fingers scrupulously clean from the touch of printer's ink, and wholly abjured the revision of proof-sheets. Our library, with its gilt-wired cases, its ample tables, and slumbrous *fauteuils*, its faint pervading scent of russia and morocco, with our escutcheon on every gorgeous binding, would have contained the works of every man who had spun out the thread of his brains to any purpose; but our own name would scarcely have been upon the list. For above the dead level of those who neither write nor think,

“Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res nimis amplæ domi.”

Therefore it is, genuine haters though we be of all tuft-hunting, that we honour more than the M.A.'s and F.R.S.'s and F.S.A.'s and M.R.I.A.'s, which generally greet us on a title-page, the very unusual and astounding initials, K.G.

The Duke of Buckingham's manner of executing his task merits the imitation of other descendants of statesmen now past away, as he has simply edited the papers which he found in his possession, written by various members of the Grenville family and their correspondents, and relating to public events and persons during the reign of George III. These he has threaded together on the string of some few observations of his own, just sufficient to preserve the continuity of the correspondence, which he otherwise leaves to tell its own story. This parenthetic matter is neither too diffuse, nor, on the other hand, does it unduly presuppose in the reader an acquaintance with the transactions of the time, or industry in piecing together for himself the fragments presented by the various letters.

In a compilation extending over four volumes octavo, we can only afford ourselves a few dips, and those at random. The range of the battle of politics embraced in that eventful reign of fifty years is so wide and complex, that we may be



excused for merely hovering on the outskirts of the fight, and picking up here and there a straggler. To take, for instance, a picture of still-life in the shape of the library of a north-country castle. Mr. T. Grenville writes, in 1804, to the Marquis of Buckingham:

“The old castle that I am now writing from (Naworth) is curious for its antiquity, and for its retaining, in great part, its original apartments and disposition. In its size I am rather disappointed, as it does not come up to the idea that I had formed of the military mansion of the Dacres of the north; but it possesses so much that is curious and original, in old arms upon its battlements, and in the general arrangement of the castle, that though it is smaller than I expected, and debarred (!) from any external windows to the country, I have passed a few days here very much to my satisfaction. You will suppose that I have not neglected the three or four hundred books called the library of Lord William Howard; and although Lord Carlisle told me they had been examined, and produced nothing curious, yet I found several curious articles of early printing, which, though damaged, I have persuaded him to take to town to be saved, before they are irrecoverably decayed. Amongst them is *Jacobi Magni Sophologium*, 1478, by Cranty, Gering, and Friburger; the *Orcharde of Syon*, 1519, by Wynkin de Worde, and *Hymns* by ditto; Barclay's *Sallust*, in English, by Pynson; Ranulph's *Chronicon*, by Caxton; the *Homilies of St. Gregory*, in Latin, by Peregrinus de Pasquelitus, 1493; *Speculum Exemplorum*, by Richard Paefrod, civem Daventriensem, 1481; *Thomas Aquinas*, by Claude Chevallon; Berner's *Froissart*; *Shakespeare*, first edition; Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*; a vellum manuscript of Hardyng's *Chronicle*; another of the *Life of St. Cuthbert*, in English verse;—these, and other rarities of the castle, I leave to-morrow.” (vol. iii. p. 360.)

Here is a sketch of the state of things in the year 1800, which we might have emulated with advantage in our Crimean operations last year. The duke writes (*ibid.* p. 87):

“The impression created in the public mind in England by the brilliant successes of Buonaparte in Italy was exhibited in the activity which pervaded our martial institutions. A conviction that a contest was impending, in which the entire military strength of the nation must be employed, was evidently gaining ground; and the king put himself forward prominently to encourage the warlike spirit of his subjects, in every quarter within reasonable distance from the metropolis. A lively writer, who possessed singular advantages as a spectator, has thus recorded his impressions of some of these royal progresses:

Mr. W. H. Freemantle to the Marquis of Buckingham.

Englefield Green, July 15th, 1800.

MY LORD,—Nothing in this part of the world but military busi-

ness ; it is really the scene of a country the seat of war. We have, within ten miles of us, upwards of twenty-two thousand men ; and on Thursday next there will be an exhibition which has hardly ever been seen in this country : it will consist of the parade, in the best clothing and accoutrements, of very nearly thirty thousand effective men, and certainly in the very finest order, the cavalry particularly. The Staffordshire are the only militia. There is a corps of cavalry called the York Hussars, composed of Germans. They are fine men, but ill mounted, and, in my opinion, a bad description : they consist of German deserters from all countries. It is the fashion, however, to admire them much. . . . The king leaves this neighbourhood at the end of this month, when the camp breaks up ; and it is understood—indeed, there is no secret in the language of those who are likely to know—that the whole is destined for an expedition. The daily history of the successes of the French is too calamitous to write upon ; notwithstanding there was much rejoicing last night at the news of the emperor having joined our treaty, and at the prospect of his hostile determination.”

What a change upon the chess-board between the moves of that day and this ! Does it not seem as if the regrets and anxieties, and, again, the topics of hope and congratulation, of this writer, at the one period, were simply being read backward by us who live at the other ?

We make another dash into these chronicles, at an important crisis in the fortunes of one who afterwards filled an unrivalled position amongst us. It is always interesting in a biography to trace the *contingencies* and turning-points on which the whole of a future life or career have so often depended. What, then, shall we say to that cast of the die which the following passages indicate ? We live in the year 1855, and can look back upon the course of years that bridges over the interval between the termination of the Peninsular War and the last and greatest public funeral in St. Paul's. We dip into a Peerage, and find, under the head of Wellington, that the compilers resign in despair the task of commemorating, even in outline, the exploits of the man who gave to that title its unrivalled pre-eminence. “To attempt,” say the Messrs. Burke, “even the briefest epitome of the great military achievements of this pre-eminent general would far, very far indeed, exceed the limits of such a work as this ; and, in the present time at least, would be a work of supererogation.” They therefore content themselves with recording that

“Sir Arthur Wellesley (his only title when he took the command in Spain) was created Baron Douro of Wellesley, co. Somerset, and Viscount Wellington, of Talavera and Wellington, in the



same county, 4th Sept. 1809 ; Earl of Wellington, 28th Feb. 1812 ; Marquis of Wellington, 18th August 1812 ; and Marquis of Douro and DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 3d May 1814. His Grace is also Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a grandee of the first class in Spain ; Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count Vimeira, in Portugal ; and, most illustrious of all, PRINCE OF WATERLOO,—a principality conferred by the King of the Netherlands upon his Grace, in consideration of his last, greatest, and most decisive victory over the French army, commanded by the EMPEROR NAPOLEON in person, 18th June 1815. The Duke of Wellington is a field-marshal in the army, colonel of Grenadier-guards, colonel-in-chief of the Rifle-brigade, a Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, a Knight-grand-cross of the Bath, and of all the most distinguished foreign orders. His Grace is lord-warden of the Cinque-Ports, constable of the Tower, commissioner of the Royal Military College and Military Asylums, lord-lieutenant of the county of Hants, chancellor of the University of Oxford, &c.”

One is out of breath in the trying to keep up with him in the rapidity and length of such a course of “glory.” Yet this is but skimming the surface : these details of all that was publicly awarded to him by grateful sovereigns, and the votes of parliaments and corporations, are but the “outward limbs and flourishes” attending the life of power which he lived for full forty years after the sparkling tide of popularity began to flow in upon him. “The Duke”—*verbum, non amplius*—at Waterloo, in M’Lean’s shop-window, in the most brilliant courts and circles, presiding at his annual banquet of heroes, on his not-over-showy horse, or under the cupola of St. Paul’s,—always the same, the one remarkable man, eclipsing Prince-consorts and all other actual or possible grandees ; yet plain, simple, unostentatious, common-sense and matter-of-fact to the back-bone,—the choice favourite of Fortune, on whom he never seemed to bestow more acknowledgment than a stiff military salute, with his forefinger to the brim of his hat. Here, then, were the faces of the dice as they actually fell,—the *double seizes*, to speak for a moment the language of Crockford’s. What, had it been otherwise ? “No die but an ace for him ; for he is but one.—Less than an ace, man, he is nothing.” It was once upon the turn, that such a blank might have been his portion. Hear an unknown correspondent, who is only indicated by a —, and who writes thus (Nov. 23d, 1808) to the Marquis of Buckingham :

“I find to my great grief, as I am sure it will be to your lordship’s, that Sir A. (*i.e.* Sir Arthur Wellesley) is ordered home together with Dalrymple and Burrard, and that there must be a military inquiry on which to ground a court-martial. . . . Sir Arthur was

to have been Viscount Vimeira, and to have had the rank of general in Spain, where he would have commanded-in-chief. All now are empty babble; and if ordered home, of which I have no doubt, it is all over with him. The king is said to have said (*sic*) that he knew of no excuse a British officer could make for signing such disgraceful conditions, both for himself and for the nation, and that he could not separate Sir Arthur's conduct from that of the other two. One most extraordinary fact is the following, which I know. Sir Hew Dalrymple's private letter to the Duke of York runs thus: 'Sir Arthur Wellesley approves of every article of the treaty, as perfectly wise and prudent; and when such a man recommends prudence, it must be perfectly safe to follow him.' Here your lordship sees is assertion for assertion, and an endless field of future squabble and discussion. The Duke of Cumberland has found out that all would be cured, should one of the blood-royal go out in command; and sorry am I to say, that this day the question of the Duke of York and Lord Chatham going out is *respectably* revived. . . . As to inquiry, of one sort or another, it will be made. The clamour is as loud as ever, and will not, nor cannot, be stilled."

With a good deal more to the same purpose, for which we must refer our readers to vol. iv. p. 253, &c.

It would be a curious speculation, what would the great soldier have become, had he been recalled, retired into private life, and been known only as an officer who had done several things well, shown some talents for command and military details, and, but for his mistake in signing a convention, might at one time have commanded in Spain, and been Lord Vimeira. Would he have gone on, proposing plans to the government, and writing letters to the *Times*, like Lord Dundonald? Would he, like that same gallant and hardly-dealt-with man, have turned his enterprise, and lent his sword to some distant country, and reaped in another hemisphere the laurels denied him in this? Or would he at once, with his native energy and perseverance, have struck out an entirely fresh path for himself, embraced the law or medicine, learned Latin enough to construe a statute or write a prescription; and become famous, not as "the Duke" of a hundred fights, but as "the Sergeant," or "the Doctor," to whom every body applied to rectify their legal or physical disorders?

Meanwhile, we have several letters from the man himself, after his prospects had brightened again: they are, of course, eclipsed by the interest of his more regular despatches; yet they contain characteristic traits of the general, the man of details, who had time for every thing, and who, when the whole of a critical campaign lay on his hands, entered into minute particulars regarding the condition and mode of shipping of a gray mare that had been intrusted to him, and adds



compliments and kind regards to the ladies and other relatives of his correspondents. Such letters are not the least interesting portion of these valuable volumes.

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## TRENERY'S "CITY OF THE CRESCENT."

*The City of the Crescent, with Pictures of Harem Life ; or, The Turks in 1854.* By Gordon O. L. Gordon Trenery, Esq., Author of "The Morning Land," &c. Skeet.

It is sometimes disagreeable to review a book without knowing something of its author. We have Peerages, and Baronetages, and Histories of the Commoners in plenty ; but really sometimes an "Authorage" would be a much more useful and entertaining book. We recommend the subject, *en passant*, to some of our industrious compilers. Why don't they give us the parentage, social position, age and sex of all aspirants to literary fame ? It would be a boon to all critics who wish to be fair, and would save some undeserving and worthy individuals from an occasional whipping ; which their performances call for, but against which their youth, sex, or poverty would plead loudly, if known, at least in the way of extenuation of their misdeeds. Nobody likes to scarify a poor unfledged authorling, whose chief fault is want of knowledge ; or to knock on the head the first efforts of some hard-worn son of distress or poverty, who wants—(vain hope !)—to live by his books. Nor can an honourable man help restraining his pen a little, when the object of his castigations is of the gentler sex, however serious may be her misdemeanours. Give us, therefore, an "Authorage,"—a book to chronicle people's brains and books,—as a companion to all these chronicles of people who often have no brains, but only acres ; and whose literary studies are frequently confined to their stud-books, or an occasional epistle to a newspaper.

The book before us is just one of those of whose author we want to know something, not exactly in order to be certain that he is a lawful subject for whipping,—for of that we have not the smallest doubt,—but that we may know whether he is the sort of personage who is to be believed at all, when he professes to tell us, not lies, but facts. But for the "Esquire" at the end of his name, we should certainly have supposed that "Gordon O. L. Gordon Trenery" meant, at full, "Gordon Olivia Louisa Gordon Trenery," or some similar designation, suggestive of a young lady just escaped

from a boarding-school, not exactly stupid or ignorant, but extremely silly, and with about as much cultivation as could be got from Lord Byron, Moore, and the *Illustrated London News*. We have seldom come across a book, written by a man, or by a woman come to years of discretion, so stuffed with twaddling sentimentalism, artificial rapture, and gingerbread patriotism. Nevertheless, Mr. Trenery tells a few stories, and gives a few pictures, sufficiently interesting and important in themselves, *if only they are true*. He narrates certain incidents of oriental life, professing to recount exactly what came under his own observation, which are so strikingly in contrast with our general ideas of Turkish households, that we are anxious to ascertain whether our author is a man to be relied on, at least to some extent, when he pretends to relate what he saw and heard. As to his conclusions, they are not worth a thought. He is clearly one of those self-satisfied, illogical personages, who think that an isolated case proves a universal rule, and that they are born to set mankind right on any subject on which they vouchsafe to discourse. We can, moreover, easily separate the silly and vulgar conversations and rhapsodical declarations which abound in his book from the professed facts which they overlay. All we want to know is, whether there is any tolerable proportion of real facts at all, or whether nine-tenths of the two volumes are not the manufacture of the brain of a very young gentleman, of very questionable taste and very middling capacities.

We are particularly led to doubt Mr. Trenery's Mahometan stories, from the specimen of his acuteness with which he supplies us on the subject of Catholicism. Going up the Rhine, he gets hold of some report or other out of which he has the impudence and silliness to manufacture an anti-conventual story, of which the following may serve as a specimen. A certain Herr von Friedrichstein had six daughters, all delicate, all pretty, and one beautiful. By the way, the young ladies are always beautiful in these "Maria-Monk" bug-a-boo romances. However, Mr. Trenery, with grammatical correctness equal to his historical research, thus records their fate :

"In the end, all his tender carefulness was of no avail : his daughter died ; and was buried in the beautiful family-grave on the banks of the Neckar. No flowers grow so pensilely or so lovely, no grass is so luxuriant and so green, as that which grows on the graves by the banks of the sweet Neckar.

"At last, the father believed he must be cursed ; else why did his children die so ? He was a Romanist, heart and soul. He told



the priests his fear. You may be sure they lost no time in fostering his superstition. It could be turned to account; and they knew it.

"They said they would pray to Heaven for him about it. It was done—or pretended to be done, and then they assured him he really had committed some enormous sin; and for that the Holy Madonna had cursed him. Or if *he* had not, one of his ancestors had; and some penitential and worthy offering must be made.

'It is true; there must be an evil crime hanging over my head,' said the Herr von Friedrichstein.

'We are glad to see you so tractable,' said the priests. 'Persevere! Say a Pater and Ave and the seven penitential Psalms every morning at six o'clock, every day at noon, and every evening at twilight, for a month. When you have finished, lick the form of the holy cross on the ground, in token of humiliation. This do; and the Holy Mother of God—from whom, and through whom, comes all salvation to sinners—will relent, and desire her Son to forgive you. But you must make her an offering.'

'I am in the hands of the infallible Church.'

'Praise be to the Virgin Mother for your resignation, our son! The Holy Madonna opens her maternal arms, longing to embrace you when you shall have timely repented.'

'What shall I offer?'

'Let your last and only daughter be sent to a monastery, and given up entirely to a marriage with heaven.' "

Such is Mr. Gordon O. Gordon Trenery as an authority on the monastic life. Let us see what he is like as an expounder of the mysteries of English domestic society, of that polite and polished kind to which he takes care to let us understand that he and his party belonged. The travelling party consisted of the author, his mother, his sister, Mrs. E—— and her husband, Mr. E——, a German. Mrs. E——, he informs us, was a "high-souled young Englishwoman," "gay, affectionate, and bright-spirited," "too clever to be satisfied with obtusity, or even mediocrity," &c. &c. Now for Mr. Gordon O. Gordon Trenery's specimen of the conversation of his friend, the "high-souled young Englishwoman." Whether or not her high soul may prompt her to administer corporal chastisement to the man who has thus published her "brilliant and impetuous conversation" to the world, we cannot tell; if, however, she has already instigated her husband to pull Mr. Trenery's nose, we can only say that he richly deserves it. Thus has he gibbeted one of his travelling companions:

"A very few mornings after the day that has been described, our friend, Mrs. E——, entered the room in which we always had breakfast in an unusually disturbed state. It was plain that she

was vexed. And, as they were alone, and as she kept few things secret from my sister, the latter immediately said :

'Something has displeased you, dear. Cannot I help you, now?'

'I am afraid not,' returned Mrs. E——; 'I know not what is to be done. I wish I never had come out here with him. Except for a husband, one never should know how disagreeable people can be!'

'Hush, love!' returned my sister; 'you had better not encourage thoughts like that.'

'Now, the Graces grant me patience!' cried Mrs. E——. 'I thought you made a merit of speaking the truth. What shall I say to please you?'

'There are some truths which it is our duty to conceal.'

'But you know I never hide any thing from you. Verily, why husbands ever were given to women, I know not: unless it be as a thorn and a trial, that may strengthen their graces; which office, I admit, they fulfil to perfection.'

'Woman was created for man, and not man for woman.'

'Now, now, sweetest, I do protest—and I will not be contradicted; for you know how contradiction disagrees with me—that you shall not explain away my words, whilst the fact remains the same. I set it down as an axiom, the truth of which is confirmed by universal experience, that every husband makes a point of being as disagreeable as he possibly can to his wife. She is a sort of legitimate ventilator to his temper. I can imagine what a happy place heaven must be, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage!'

'Now, you do not believe what you say.'

'As truly as I have said it. I hold that the law of marriage, in Christian countries, is a complete mistake. What business has any government to compel two people to be married all their life, whether they continue to like each other or not? For my own part, I believe that matrimonial contracts should be dissolved as often as the Parliament. In truth, the happiest marriages that ever I read of are those in the *Arabian Nights*; where the king marries a new wife every night, and orders his soldiers to cut off her head in the morning.'

At Constantinople, Mr. Trenery and his party have the advantage of what we should call an introduction to a Musulman family of considerable wealth and high standing. This, at least, is what he tells us; though, as we have broadly insinuated, our author is such a goose, and so much given to rhodomontade, that we are at a loss to know how much of what he describes as fact was the produce of his own invention. However, to take him at his word, he and his received a most cordial welcome from this same respectable Turk, and by him were introduced to other Turkish families. The



portrait of the new and favourite wife of his host actually adorns (?) the title-page of one of his volumes. This worthy Turk, Mustapha Effendi by name, was superbly indifferent to the customs of his countrymen, and did every thing but introduce his European male visitors into his harem itself. The ladies, of course, went there as freely as need be; and in return, Mr. Trenery has put the gossip they brought back again into his book without a moment's hesitation. Nor had he much cause for regretting that the harem-doors were closed against him; for the harem ladies received him in the apartments of the men, termed the Salem-liek, on the most free and easy terms. Here we have the whole party moving off to dinner, *arm-in-arm*! The Yasumi Hanoum, here mentioned, is the handsome wife before alluded to.

"The slaves soon returned, bringing with them Mrs. E—— and her husband. There was little more conversation, and then a young Circassian came tripping in, and, falling on her knees before Mustapha, announced that dinner was ready.

'Mashal'lâh! I am told that your ways in Frangistan are peculiar,' said Mustapha, rising. 'How you act on such an occasion in England I know not. But in Roum—Turkey—all we do is to walk into the room one after another; the men taking precedence, as it is good and seemly to do.'

'Will madame allow me?' said Mrs. E——'s husband to my sister; at the same time presenting her his arm, with a bend as stiff and formal as his own cravat.

'Al'lah ûkbur!—God is great!' cried Mustapha, 'what am I to do?'

'Be my escort, Effendim,' said Mrs. E——, resting her arm on his rich pelisse.

'Then I will take Yasumi,' I said; 'with a proviso that her husband shall not be jealous,' I whispered aside.

'That I am sure he will not be,' said Yasumi, with sparkling eyes. 'He has a soul purer than the light, and more loving than the daffodil for its own shadow. I love him, for he is good.'

'And times are changing, even in Turkey, Hanoum.'

"Two slaves walked before, to raise the hangings that veiled the doors and conduct the guests to the dining-room. This was a beautiful apartment, more so than, though not so spacious as, the notable saloon of the *Hôtel des Princes*, or the yet more famous and dazzling one at the *Maison Dorée*.

"Upon three silver trays, each placed on a stand eighteen inches high, the meal was to be served. Cushions of the most delicate pink and sky-blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver, and coloured silks, were strewed around them. Beside every cushion lay two napkins of the finest white muslin, exquisitely wrought with silks and golden birds and flowers. A row of slaves, reaching from the farthest tray to the door, passed the dishes from hand to

hand, up to the last one, who presented it to Yasumi, meekly kneeling on the carpet.

"We all were led to a cushion, each by one of the attending slaves. The napkins were carefully spread upon our knees; warm rose-water was poured from a golden ewer, over the hands of all. Then the repast commenced, every one helping himself from the dish in the centre by taking from any part of it that was most pleasing to his eye.

"The Osmanlis are very fond of variety in their food. The number of courses at a private dinner is generally fifteen; yet it does not last so long as the like meal in England. Seldom does any one take from the same dish twice. The slaves remove them as fast as they are done with, and put the next course upon the table. The articles composing an Osmanli dinner will be described hereafter.

'In my opinion,' observed Heinrich, Mrs. E——'s husband, 'something must be wanting in the nature of that man, or woman, who could be insensible to the fascinations of such a dinner as this.'

'Eat, eat, my friends! You are welcome,' said our kind host, looking up.

'You are not enjoying your dinner, Ellen,' said Constance. 'We shall be too late for the Circassian dances if you do not be quick.'

'We will have a dance with them too,' replied Mrs. E——.

"As each person completed his repast, a slave again poured rose-water over his hands, then led him back to the saloon. For, amongst the Osmanlis, every one retires from the table the moment he has finished, and resumes his previous occupations, unless it be his choice to remain longer. Just as we had concluded, Mustapha's son, Saïfula Bey, came in; he was a good-looking high-spirited young man of about twenty years of age. As he entered the room, he laid the customary evening-offering on a table. This no Osmanli ever omits: the present may be small,—a basket of fruits, a paper of figs, a box of scent, or even a cucumber,—but he always brings something; and to fail in this implies that he is offended with his home; or, if he be a married man, that he is about to put away his wife."

By and by it was sunset; the Muezzin's cry was heard, and the "true believers" knelt on their carpets and said the usual prayers. Whereupon, says our sage Englishman,—re-marking on Mustapha's praying,—"although a Christian, I could not help thinking his earnestness, his unity of spirit (!) beautiful." How like your thorough-going anti-Papist! He goes to a convent, and rants away at the horrors of the life of a nun; then he goes to dine with a Turk and his women, and is entranced at the sight of his prayers and his "unity of spirit." After this truly gospel-sentiment, we are not surprised to find our traveller describe the dances of the Circassian girls as "the most chaste and elegant motions of which



the human body is capable." Mr. Trenery is of opinion that we are all quite wrong about the Turks. They are a most shamefully-maligned race. Here is as pretty a piece of spooniness as ever was written by the youngest of budding novelists:

"In the women of the East, however, there is one great thing wanting. Feminine, and very womanly; loving to the utter forgetfulness of self; with a revelation of intellect on her brow, and in her deep eyes, the like of which is possessed by hardly any other woman on earth. But there is no knowledge fixed on that high calm forehead; no thought in the heavenly sparkle of those unsearchable eyes. She is a child—a perfect woman in heart, but in head a child.

"Here, too, you become acquainted with the genuine Osmanli character. The Osmanli is an affectionate man. This yearning for the welfare of all extends itself to every thing in connection with him; he loves the animals, the trees, the flowers, down to the humblest thing that God has made. It is, indeed, half-amusing to us English, who have learned to think correctly, and yet with an electrical rapidity, to see the Osmanli sitting on his carpet and smoking his tchibouk at the Sweet Waters, or at his window, gazing upon the same landscape for hours upon hours. He has looked on this scene times out of number, yet you never can discover the least sign of *ennui*. He sits in a half-dreamy muse, constantly discovering fresh combinations of beauty, and fresh sources of repose and happiness.

"He is very tender-hearted to the dumb creation. He never takes a gun and goes out shooting the birds—those loveliest, those most affectionate, most innocent little beings in God's unintelligent world—and calls the said murder 'sport!' All the feathered tribe enjoy a happy consciousness of safety in Stamboul. As you sit on the green sward, birds both large and small come hopping about before you, in hopes that you will bestow upon them that meal which they generally obtain from all loungers. Doves live in the interior of every public edifice. As you sail upon the Bosphorus, the gulls fly in sportive circles round your head. Water-ducks float in hundreds on the swelling waves; following your caïque, or sailing in and out among the ships, in expectation of the bread that the Osmanli never fails to fling to them when he has the means.

"The city itself is very populous; but, for all it contains so many unruly, bloodthirsty, plundering Greeks, it requires few police to keep it in order. Robberies in Stamboul are very rare; yet the way the houses are built, and the material of which they are made, offer every facility for their commission. Murders, too, are seldom heard of. Brawls, night-disturbances, women claiming the protection of the law against the violence of their husbands, divorces—those fashionable things in fashionable life—are hardly known.

"The glaring defects in the Osmanli, are—his contempt for woman. Ask a Turk for his demonstration of woman, and he will

tell you, with admirable conciseness, that she is 'bosh;' which meaneth nothing. His disregard for truth; his unappeasable desire for vengeance. The last often leads to the most horrifying results. We have heard some of them in connection with this present war. His own words are, 'I will bring destruction on the soul: I will drink the blood of my enemy!' And the imprecation is hardly so hyperbolical as Eastern similes usually are. He would nearly keep his word, if it were possible. Make an Osmanli to love you, and you will be much his debtor. Arouse his hate, and you will do well to flee for your life; for his bitterness is unquenchable; he never forgives.

"The Osmanli, from Muhammed downwards, has always been a great liar; to truthfulness he appears to attach no value."

In the next paragraph Mr. Trenery says, "I like the Turks." We quite believe him. Of himself, however, we suspect they would entertain much the same opinion that they entertain of women.

The following is a striking story, and probably true; at any rate, it may be true:

"We were taking our morning ride, in the direction of Ismid. The whole scene was marked by that air of refined and tranquil beauty which is the charm of an Eastern landscape. There was the grass, so glossy and so green,—the willow, so pale and tender in its hues,—the sycamore, with its glorious scarlet,—the coral red of the sumach, all mixed together in Oriental pomp. Near us a little streamlet wound its way in broken silver.

"An Osmanli servant, walking by the side of a lady on the back of a mule, passed us. She was young, and very lovely; and we clearly saw, that wherever he was taking her to, she was going against her will. His yataghan too was drawn.

'Mashal'lâh! she will fetch a good price,' said Najib, our dragoon, turning to look after them.

'What do you mean, Najib?' I asked. 'That he is going to sell the Hanoum? Then you think he has purchased her for sale as a slave?'

'Either purchased or stole her!' was the terse reply.

'Najib, follow me,' said I, wheeling my horse. 'We will have an account of her from him.'

"A few leaps of the animal brought me to the side of the lady. The man poised his yataghan to make a pass; but the chamber of a revolver discharged above his head taught him the best part of valour—discretion.

'Oreis ahasti Hanoum? What is the meaning of this, lady?'

"She tried to speak once—twice—thrice—but could not. A flood of tears saved her from choking.

"Najib had now come up.

'W'all'lâh! how came you by this woman, son of kamal?'

'He is our servant,' sobbed the lady.



'Speak!—speak, I say, son of Sheitan and brother of a lie! how came you by this woman?' cried Najib passionately.

"Mashal'lâh! if I said she was my own daughter, or that I won her at a game of *damah*,\* you would believe neither. Ne bilirim—what can I say? I bought her.'

'Believe not the son of Eblis!' said the Hanoum. 'He was sent to guard me; but as soon as we were away from the house, he said he had a husband for me in Stamboul, and would cut my neck in two if I made any noise!'

"Whereupon the worthy attendant was secured, and as soon thereafter as convenient, handed over to the Mautessib, or commissary of police. Nuzlu Hanoum was faint through terror; and we took her home with us. Here, under the influence of restoratives and kindness, she soon revived. In the afternoon she returned to her father's house, under the guardianship of our faithful Najib."

Our next extract shows us a Turkish woman writing a love-letter. It is peculiarly valuable, as recording Mr. Gordon O. Gordon Trenery's views on the subject of love-letters:

"When I left her to pass into the sick-room, my sister was led by Heyminé's favourite slave into her mistress's apartment in the harem. Heyminé was sitting on a cushion, writing—an accomplishment hardly ever met with amongst Turkish women. She held the paper on her knees; a bejewelled inkstand rested in a golden tray by her side; and in her right hand she held the calam—a pen made of a reed.

"She rose to welcome her guest, and after the salutations, placed her to sit on the cushion by her side.

'You will not be angry, jainum—my soul, if I finish my writing? The messenger will come for it in an hour.'

"Of course, no objection was offered; and the lovely Heyminé returned to her employment. It seemed to be a very pleasant one. A sweet clear crimson mantled to her neck and cheek, and even to her forehead; her face, bright with happy smiles, expressed the music within—a feeling of perfect joy.

'Like any fair lake that the zephyr is on,  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.'

"By her side lay a letter, and its envelope. The letter was open, and often Heyminé paused in her writing to refer to its contents. But the reference did not seem to be of the ordinary kind. Whenever she took the letter up, she was a long time ere she put it down again. The same place was read and re-read again. The while she smiled yet more and more sweetly, as if, fair student, she found a deeper and happier meaning in the words each time.

"The truth was, Heyminé was answering a love-letter. How much of life's purest and perfect happiness is contained in those

\* A sort of backgammon.

two words! Nothing that I know can give expression to so much of our most glorious feelings as a love-letter. It is soul—all soul—beautiful soul!

"When Heyminé finished the writing, she clapped her hands. A slave directly obeyed the summons.

'Be ready when a messenger comes, Miné. If he utters the signal—Saïfula!—give him this letter. Do I speak clearly?' said Heyminé.

'Quite clearly,' responded Miné, taking the letter, and vanishing between the draperies that veiled the doorway.

'And now, gouzum—my eyes, let us talk with each other,' said Heyminé, taking my sister by the hand.

'What can I say, but be joyful with all my heart, because I see you so happy?' returned she.

'Ah, I am too happy!' murmured Heyminé, with that soft interruption which entire happiness gives to a sigh. 'So good Mehmed is!' and she drew a cashmere shawl over her shoulders. 'I never saw any one like him—so excellent, so affectionate—never! And yet, khateun, I often fear so. What a dreadful thing it will be if I disappoint him!—if, when I am his wife, I do not make him happy! How earnest I must be; and be so careful of him! Ah, I will be hopeful too! Love is the most eloquent teacher; and I love him—oh, very dearly I love him. I cannot help it; it would be so ungrateful not to.' "

One of the most curious incidents in the book is the account of how Mrs. E——, the high-souled, went to St. Sophia at the time of midnight prayer. We suppose it is true. One of their Turkish friends made no difficulty as to taking her, and himself procured a complete disguise, including a beard. Here they are entering the mosque at midnight:

"Our servants pushed aside the drapery that veiled the door; and never, no, never! could be forgotten the thrill of that moment, as the light first blazed out upon us, and we saw the Muslims, kneeling—some with their foreheads touching the ground, others making their prostrations. We stepped within; the curtains fell behind us. A group of Osmanlis, in front of us, turned a little, and looked upon us narrowly; then again gave their attention to the service.

"We turned our eyes upwards to the endlessly-varied devices, made of coloured lamps, that circled that mighty dome, and were hung from the roof. We tried to penetrate the vast depths, where walls, pillars, turbans—all seemed lost in a sea of effulgence. We gazed on the infinite varieties and splendour of many of the dresses; upon the flashing gems, the glowing lattices, the Imam, prostrating himself to the wild cry of the choirs; and, last of all, once more upon that wondrous height, and that lofty dome, bathed in unsubstantial starry light.



"As we yet looked upwards, three doves, which the sounds had disturbed, flew from one side of the building to the other. The effect on paper may seem trifling; but no one, except a person present at St. Sophia on such a midnight, could tell how thrilling it was. Doves are held sacred by Mussulmauns; and they are, therefore, very numerous in all the mosques.

'Giadulêm—let us go;' I whispered to — Bey. He nodded in the affirmative. But, as we faced about, we saw a stately old Osmanli, who was just entering. He knew — Bey, and our friend knew him.

'Inshal'lâh!' cried our friend; 'gel!—come.'

"And he quickly turned, and led the way along the flower-soft carpet to the higher end of the mosque. Here was a door, through which we passed into the street.

'Shekier Al lâh!' cried our conductor. 'Had he seen us, he would have spoken. I should have been obliged to tell him your names. He would have saluted you in the name of the Prophet; and——'

"We drew a long and audible breath, in the midst of which — Bey stopped: for he rightly judged our own imagination could fill up the hiatus, without any help from himself. What did either I or Mrs. E—— know about behaving properly, and answering properly, to any Muslem salutation that might happen to us? If he had said: 'Salam Aleikoum!' we both could reply, and even have gone through the usual ceremony. But, oh, if he had said: 'Saba il Korkam sen!—the summit of Paradise to you!' in what language, except her own English, could she have replied: 'The same to you!'

'But I trust my ready wit would not even then have deserted me,' resumed our friend. 'I should have uttered a hasty ejaculation that it was time to commence prayer, and then have hurried you to your knees amongst the true believers!'

'But tchelebis! what could we have done?'

'Imitate me, as if your lives depended on your not making a single blunder! Mashal'lâh! and it would have been no more than a just comparison. Not that I would have kept you long, however. At the first pause in the prostrations, we would have made our escape.'

'We will go home, now,' said Ellen.

'Let us see, Suleimanie, or Sultan Achmed,' said — Bey.

'Not for worlds would I subject you to further peril,' returned she. 'I do not fear so much for myself; but, had I known the hazard to which I put you, I certainly would never have done as much as I have. Come, now. We have seen enough: St. Sophia, by lamplight; the Faithful at prayer. I am satisfied.'

'As you will, lady.'

"The attendants put our slippers on once more. A few minutes, and we were at home; where we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the success of our adventure."

On the whole, notwithstanding a few incidents like this, we must say of Mr. Trenery's book, what he says of love-letters, with a variation: "It is bosh—all bosh—beautiful bosh!"

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## Short Notices.

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### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*The Immaculate Conception: an Essay.* By the Rev. Michael Tormey, Professor in the Catholic Seminary, Navan. (Dublin, Duffy.) Mr. Tormey's essay has one characteristic merit, which, if indeed not rare, is certainly not universal among theological writers: he does not write in the tone of a man defending a thesis, but of one who is expounding and enforcing a truth. The former's professed object is to *maintain his ground* against all comers; that of the latter is to state all things precisely *as they are*, neither exaggerating an argument or underrating a difficulty. Mr. Tormey appears to us to have approached the study of ecclesiastical history with a conviction that his first duty was to look all facts in the face, and that the scheme of Divine Providence is not bettered by being doctored by human criticism. The result is, that he has really accumulated a weight of patristic argument on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and has put it forward with a practical force beyond what is to be found in any volume on the subject with which we are acquainted. In our humble judgment, the practice of reiterating at second, third, or fourth hand, fragmentary bits from the Fathers, and pushing them to extreme conclusions in controversy, is a thing singularly little to be commended. And we are proportionately gratified with every fresh instance in which every passage cited is thoroughly studied and sifted, and made to tell upon the point in hand as far as it logically tells, and no further.

Mr. Tormey, we need scarcely add, holds the doctrine of "development." On this subject we are disposed to quote a few of his remarks:

"Although the Apostles did explicitly and distinctly believe the Virgin's Immaculate Conception, it is *not necessary* to suppose that they distinctly delivered it to the faithful. They had from revelation a high, and grand, and just idea of the maternal dignity of the Virgin; and their minds, divinely inspired, penetrated fully, and distinctly comprehended, every privilege embodied in that dignity, or connected with it. If the Virgin's Immaculate Conception was, therefore, among these privileges, contained, included, and inseparably bound up in this revealed idea, the Apostles had a most explicit perception of it. It may be, too, that the sacred doctrine of Mary's exemption from actual sin was embodied in the same idea, and revealed by the revelation of it. (See *Lugo on Faith*, d. 3, s. 5, No. 73.)

"This idea of Mary's maternal dignity the Apostles may be supposed to have communicated to the faithful, but without fully explaining, evolving, or analysing it. It was, after all, but one tenet of a vast system—Apostolic tradition; and it does not appear, is contrary to what we should expect, that the Apostles did attempt to instruct the faithful in *the full expression*, in all *the bearings of every truth* comprised in so



large a deposit. On the other hand, it can scarcely be thought that the faithful did, of themselves, at once as fully comprehend the idea of this or many other truths as the Apostles did. The world was then but wading out of the palpable darkness of paganism the most corrupt; the busy shades of error still flitted before the eyes of men, haunting their old abodes, and but slowly and reluctantly—now receding, now advancing—fled away at last. The body of disciples was in a great measure composed of converts from among the pagan suddenly ushered into a region of light. . . Is it conceivable, amidst so much light, naturally resulting in a species of darkness, that every bearing and every aspect of every truth was distinctly seen and taken in by the mental vision? It is not likely; nor does the history of the code of Christian dogma warrant the belief that it was so.

“It must be allowed, then, that the Apostles may have left the privilege of the Immaculate Conception veiled beneath the dignity of God’s Mother. It may have been left to grow gradually—as it seems to have grown in the Church. By the constant meditation of the faithful upon it—under the influence, and in the light of the Holy Spirit—the veil has been gradually removed, or rather, seen through, the privilege unfolded, and, at last, fully manifested to the world, in the consent of the faithful about it.

“This process of the evolution of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception from the dignity of Mary, as known by faith, may be called a process, not of logical, but of spiritual deduction from revealed truths or principles.”

To his arguments from the Bible and the Fathers, Mr. Tormey adds some valuable chapters on the mediæval and modern belief in the doctrine, and on the definition of last year. The earliest part of his essay is, however, the most important, as, in fact, it must be from the nature of the case. His style is now and then, though very seldom, a trifle too florid; but ordinarily it has that simplicity and straightforward force which implies that a writer is not thinking of himself but of his subject, and knows perfectly well what he is about.

*Seven Letters to the Editor of the Weekly Register, in Reply to the Rev. F. Meyrick’s Article on Church Authority.* By R. I. Wilberforce. (Burns and Lambert.) The Rev. F. Meyrick is at present one of the chief gas-lights of Anglican controversy of the High-Church school. Acute, ready, and unscrupulous, he is just the man to call forth shouts of applause from his admirers at the facility with which he plants his fist, as they imagine, in the right eye of an adversary. He has lately, as our readers are aware, been busy with St. Alphonsus Liguori,—his last feat in that line being singularly characteristic of the champion of “truthfulness.” He entrapped Dr. Manning into a correspondence about the morality of the Saint, on the hypothesis that he really wanted to know the facts of the case. But no sooner does the correspondence draw to an end, than Mr. Meyrick announces that he intends to publish it. This he has now done. Whether he really cared one straw about the truth, our readers will judge for themselves, when we tell them that he still insists upon it that every Catholic is bound to hold every single opinion put forth by St. Alphonsus.

The pamphlet before us is a reply to this same gentleman’s review of Mr. Wilberforce’s book on *Church Authority* in the *Christian Remembrancer*. The review was worthy of the assailant of St. Alphonsus. Its object was to show up Mr. Wilberforce, not to answer his book. Accordingly, as is the wont of too many writers of the same school, it

adopts principles which are utterly destructive of the whole of that very system which Dr. Pusey and his followers maintain. If Mr. Wilberforce's argument is to be overthrown, it will involve in its fall every vestige of the reasoning by which we hold that our Lord set up a visible Church, and in fact bury in its ruins the whole structure of Christianity itself. Mr. Wilberforce's reply is well worth reading; for the skill, temper, and force with which it exposes this rottenness in the Puseyite argument, and for the quiet and almost humorous ease with which he shows up the entire ignorance of his assailant in many of the most important points on which he attacks him.

*A Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By the Rev. Father Gautrelet, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by a Priest of the same Society. (Richardson.) This book is what it calls itself, a complete "Manual." It contains an explanation of the Catholic doctrine on the subject of the Sacred Heart and its influence on the Christian life; a series of devotions, which F. Gautrelet terms the "Offices of the Sacred Heart," for the first Friday in each of the twelve months of the year; and a second series of meditations for a month, in honour of the thirty-three years of our Blessed Lord's life, designed especially for use in the month of June. A concluding part gives the necessary information respecting the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, with various miscellaneous devotions. The whole is full of earnestness and warmth; not strikingly original in style, but well calculated for practical use by many persons.

*Verba Verbi: the Words of Jesus arranged in Order of Time; as a Daily Companion, Epitome of the Gospel, and Treasury of Mental Prayer.* By Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. (Burns and Lambert.) A most useful pocket companion, explaining itself. We should be glad to see the *Psalter* published in the same way in English.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay; being a Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Society of Limerick.* By Stephen O'Donnell, Vice-President of the Society. (Dublin, Duffy.) An unusually good specimen of a popular lecture, or rather of popular lectures; for there are two. It is full of facts; not naked in their bones, so as to be unintelligible and uninteresting, but clothed with a good warm covering of statement, with a sufficiency of well-chosen extracts. Not the least of its merits is its freedom from the fustian and declamation which disfigure too many of the lectures of the day, both Catholic and Protestant. It was quite worth putting into print, and may be recommended as a welcome addition to popular libraries.

*Narmo and Aimata: a Tale of the Jesuits in Tahiti.* (Dublin, Oldham.) If any body thinks that our burlesque, "The Telegraph and the Confessional," in the last *Rambler*, was rather "too strong" as a squib upon the absurdities of anti-Jesuit fanaticism, let him study the pages of *Narmo and Aimata*. Here is a taste of its quality: "He (the Jesuit) did not reveal to the king a secret which it was then of the utmost importance should be kept sealed up in the heart of the members of the Society, that there were spies in the council-chambers of England's Queen, and forsworn traitors, who had taken the oath of alle-



giance, thinking, even while the words were on their lips, how they might destroy the empire of Victoria and the religion which she was sworn to maintain." So much for the Jesuits! Now for "Popery" itself. It is "a ghastly figure, with racks and faggots in its left hand, and on its head a tottering tiara, emerging from a dark dreary way, strewn with skulls and mangled forms, and lost souls; it hurries with rapid strides to a sea of blood before it, across which is dimly seen a glimmer of everlasting fire." On this, we can only ask, why does Popery carry racks and faggots in her *left* hand and not in her *right*?

*The Autobiography of John B. Gough, with a Continuation of his Life to the Present Time.* (Tweedie.) Who wants a testimonial? Let him turn drunkard, and then reform, and straightway go off to America. There shall he go about making speeches about himself, be serenaded by "the Enterpeans and Quartett Club of Boston; there shall he have medals worth (intrinsically) twenty dollars a-piece; with annuals, pencil-cases, silver caskets, book-marks, and Bibles. There, like Mr. Gough at Cincinnati, shall "six fine little fellows" come to him,—we beg pardon—"wait upon him,"—to give him a testimonial from the boys; or, like Mr. Gough at Gloucester (not the Gloucester in Gloucestershire), "six little girls" shall present him with a testimonial from the little "females." By the way, were these six little boys and six little girls reformed drunkards? or did they present the apostle with testimonials by way of conveying a hint to their own parents to leave off tippling? Thus does Mr. Gough find in his own case a personal fulfilment of the Apostolic promise, that godliness has the promise of the present as well as of the future life. Is it not enough to make every one turn drunkard, and then reform and go to America? The only question is, should we all be able to make such fine speeches about ourselves as Mr. Gough makes?

*The Hundred Boston Orators: appointed by the Municipal Authorities and other Public Bodies, from 1770 to 1852, comprising Historical Gleanings.* By J. S. Loring. (Boston, Jewett.) Here is an example for the London citizens. What a shame it is, that while the gems of transatlantic municipal Bostonian eloquence are thus enshrined in type for the benefit of posterity, our London Lord Mayor and Aldermen, to say nothing of the Court of Common Council, should not be allowed to come forth as teachers of eloquence to their compatriots? Let the present Lord Mayor, Sir Francis Moon, himself a model of stately oratory, if we may judge from the newspapers, atone for the oversights of his predecessors. In the mean time, we recommend to all citizen speakers the careful study of *The Hundred Boston Orators*. There shall they read of one Benjamin Harding, that he was "a carving-knife whetted on a brick-bat,"—that he had "a livid face" and "a deformed finger, crooked like an audacious note of interrogation;" and that he spoke in such a style, that had the patriarch Job heard him, he (the patriarch) "would have bounced like a parched pea from his stabular mound, seized upon the adjacent pitch-fork, and scattered death and destruction around him." We don't remember who is the master-spirit of the London Common Council at present, but we fear his eloquence can hardly equal that of "Rufus Choate,"—our London speakers are only *inchoate* in comparison,—of whom a brother-orator says, that when he "rolled up his tremendous climaxes, raised his commanding form upon his toes, and came down upon his heels like two paviour's rammers, he shook the whole firmament of the Common-Council chamber like an earthquake." The author of this superb sentence evidently

thought that he had put Rufus Choate's nose completely out of joint. If not, what *must* have been Rufus Choate's eloquence? We tremble to think of it.

*The Studies and Teaching of the Society of Jesus at the Time of its Suppression, 1750-1773.* Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé Maynard. (Baltimore, Murphy.) M. Maynard's book, of which this is an American translation, stands in contrast with Mr. O'Donnell's lectures; not that it is not a good book, but that it is not popular in its mode of statement, and is fitter for reference than general reading. It contains a mass of information, but not very cleverly put together; and the author has not the art of putting forward the prominent points of his argument in such a way as to arrest the attention and send the memory away well stored for the future. Still the book is well worth having, and deserved translation.

*The Transcendentalists: a Satire for the Age, in two Fyttes of Song.* By the Reverend Archer Gurney, author of "King Charles the First." (Bosworth.) If the Rev. Archer Gurney's sermons bear the remotest resemblance to his verses, the congregation that "sits under him" is to be pitied. He hates the extravagances of the bad specimens of Tennysonianism with a laudable hatred; but his manner of exposing their extravagances is a warning to all would-be satirists. Here is a specimen of killing satire. Who may be the "Alexander Smith" thus annihilated we confess we know not:

"Near thy imagination all a-flame,  
Pindar or Æschylus must pass for tame;  
But one can equal thee in power or pith,  
And that's the poet—'Alexander Smith!'  
O Alexander! Alexander O!  
Beyond thee can the false ideal go?  
Such agonies, such raptures, such outpourings,  
Such most magnificent æsthetic roarings;  
Such cravings of young gentlemen sublime,  
To flood with austral beams the vaults of Time,  
To make vague space splendiferous as suet,  
And, with a farthing candle, bent to do it!"

Mr. Gurney's burning verses have reached a second edition; whence we conclude that he is a gentleman of substance in the world, and that he has paid the printer's and paper-maker's bills for his first edition; for that the public have enabled him to pay them by buying his first edition we decline to believe. However, Mr. Gurney is perfectly happy, and consoles himself with the reflection that *Mr. Thackeray* will undoubtedly admire him, and that posterity at last will do him justice. Thus does he announce his convictions in immortal verse:

"Meanwhile, two living names shall grace the lay,  
Our age's pride, Dickens and Thackeray."

We will omit what he says about Dickens; but what he says about Thackeray and posterity is quite perfect in its way:

"For thee, great Satirist, who snobs hast made,  
And modern snoblif, tremble 'neath thy blade,—  
That trenchant blade, which, bared in Justice' cause,  
Hath pall'd Convention's heart and maim'd its paws,—  
I know thy soul, which Humbug awes in vain,  
Will yield some secret response to the strain;  
That if a world of fools conspired to burn me,  
Thy voice would whisper, 'Well done, Archer Gurney!'"



So here I'll end this monitory strain,  
 Content to reap the harvest of disdain  
 If Heav'n decree, and Fate should frown, not smile :  
 The hour *must* come, and I can wait awhile.  
 In future times approving sage may say,  
 ' When havoc's dogs were slipp'd he stood at bay ;  
 And though his strong desire his power surpass'd,  
 His aim was noble, and 'twas reach'd at last.' "

*Annotated Edition of the English Poets.* Edited by Robert Bell. (J. W. Parker.) The last volumes in Mr. Bell's series are the fifth and sixth volumes of Chaucer, full, as before, of valuable notes, critical and historical.

*The Legend, or History of our Lady: taken from the Monuments and Writings of the Middle Age.* By M. l'Abbé J. E. Daras. Versified by G. P. Coddan. (Richardson.) It is a great mistake to suppose that the doctrine of "intention" is applicable to the art of making verses. We have no doubt that Mr. Coddan's intentions were excellent when he undertook to turn the very pretty legendary history of the Blessed Virgin into a little poem ; but we are sorry to be obliged to say, that though he has meant well he has done ill. A few of his stanzas will give a better idea of the style in which Mr. Coddan has accomplished his task than any thing we can say. It thus opens :

" When God had decreed that the world should be made,  
 Foreseeing the fall of unfortunate Eve,  
 He chose that sweet Mary, pre-sanctified maid,  
 Should bear His own Son, the lost world to relieve.

\* \* \* \* \*

In praising her God with the angels she vied,  
 From morning to tierce on sweet prayer she bestowed ;  
 From thence to dear none her lov'd spindle she plied,  
 Then gave to her weaving the portion she ow'd.

In all her ability carried the palm,  
 By workmen experienced she ne'er was surpassed ;  
 Yet still her sweet temper was perfectly calm,  
 Nor sighed she for change from the first to the last.

When none had arrived she returned to her prayer,  
 Till her bright guardian-angel respectfully bent,  
 And brought her last meal with affectionate care,  
 Which Heaven's kind bounty and watchfulness sent."

Here, again, we have the commencement of the story of the Return from Egypt :

" The angel to Joseph appearing in sleep,  
 Said, ' Rise, and return with the mother and child ;  
 For those who compell'd thee in exile to keep  
 Have ceased to exist, and thy future is mild.' "

And here the wedding at Cana :

" 'Twas now that a wedding at Cana took place,  
 And Jesus, and Mary, and converts were there ;  
 The parties presiding fell into disgrace,  
 The wine falling short, they were all in despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Mary's petition could not be repress'd,  
 He granted the miracle she had requir'd,  
 By changing the water to wine of the best;  
 On which His disciples believ'd and admir'd."

We strongly recommend Mr. Coddan, for the future, to stick to plain prose. His "future is mild," he may rest assured, so far as the poet's fine frenzy is concerned.

*A Campaign with the Turks in Asia.* By C. Duncan, Esq. 2 vols. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) Much of these volumes has appeared in print before. They are now published with a view to point out the critical position of the Asiatic provinces of the Porte, and the waning influence of Great Britain in the East, where the acuteness and skill of the Russian diplomatists and commanders has more than counter-balanced the inferiority of the Russian battalions in the field. Besides the matter introduced with this aim, there is a great deal about dinners and so forth, which is probably intended for the amusement of the reader. The volumes are valuable as far as they are the report of an eye-witness; but the facts which are asserted on the authority of Turkish rumours have turned out to be quite false.

*The War, from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By W. H. Russell, Correspondent of the Times. (London, Routledge.) Every body who has read Mr. Russell's graphic letters will desire to possess them in this small and cheap volume. The temporary interest of the minute daily details is not yet over, and quite justifies the republication of the letters as originally written. We hope, however, for the sake of Mr. Russell's well-earned reputation, that the rumour is true which affirms that he has engaged with Mr. Murray to write, after his return, a connected history of the whole war, of which he has been so accurate an observer.

*Life with the Zulus of Natal, South Africa.* By G. H. Mason, of Sydney-Sussex College, Cambridge. (London, Longmans.) (Traveler's Library.) We can recommend this as a clear and sprightly personal narrative of the adventures of two young men of education, who became for a time colonists in Natal, and delved and made bricks, and drove bargains, as well as the more professional sons of Adam. It is just the sort of book to read in the railway train.

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#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Lettres à un Sceptique en matière de Religion. Letters to a Religious Sceptic.* By J. Balmez. Translated by J. Bareille. This is by no means one of Balmez' best books; the subject is treated in too discursive a manner, and postulates are made and assumed which English sceptics would not be disposed to admit. In fact, the man whom Balmez treats as a sceptic might in this country, as times go, be reckoned a very devout and respectable Protestant. Such a man would be the last to take up for his own personal edification any letters addressed to an acknowledged sceptic in matters of religion. Moreover, Balmez' notions of what science is, would not find a response in English minds. He would be a curious specimen of a modern sceptic who took the names of Aristotle and his commentators, of Raymond Lully, Descartes, Mallebranche, Locke, and Condillac, as the representatives of secular science and material philosophy. We think, then, that the publication of this book, whatever may be its possible utility in Spain, or even in France, would be quite a mistake in this country.